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November 11, 1950

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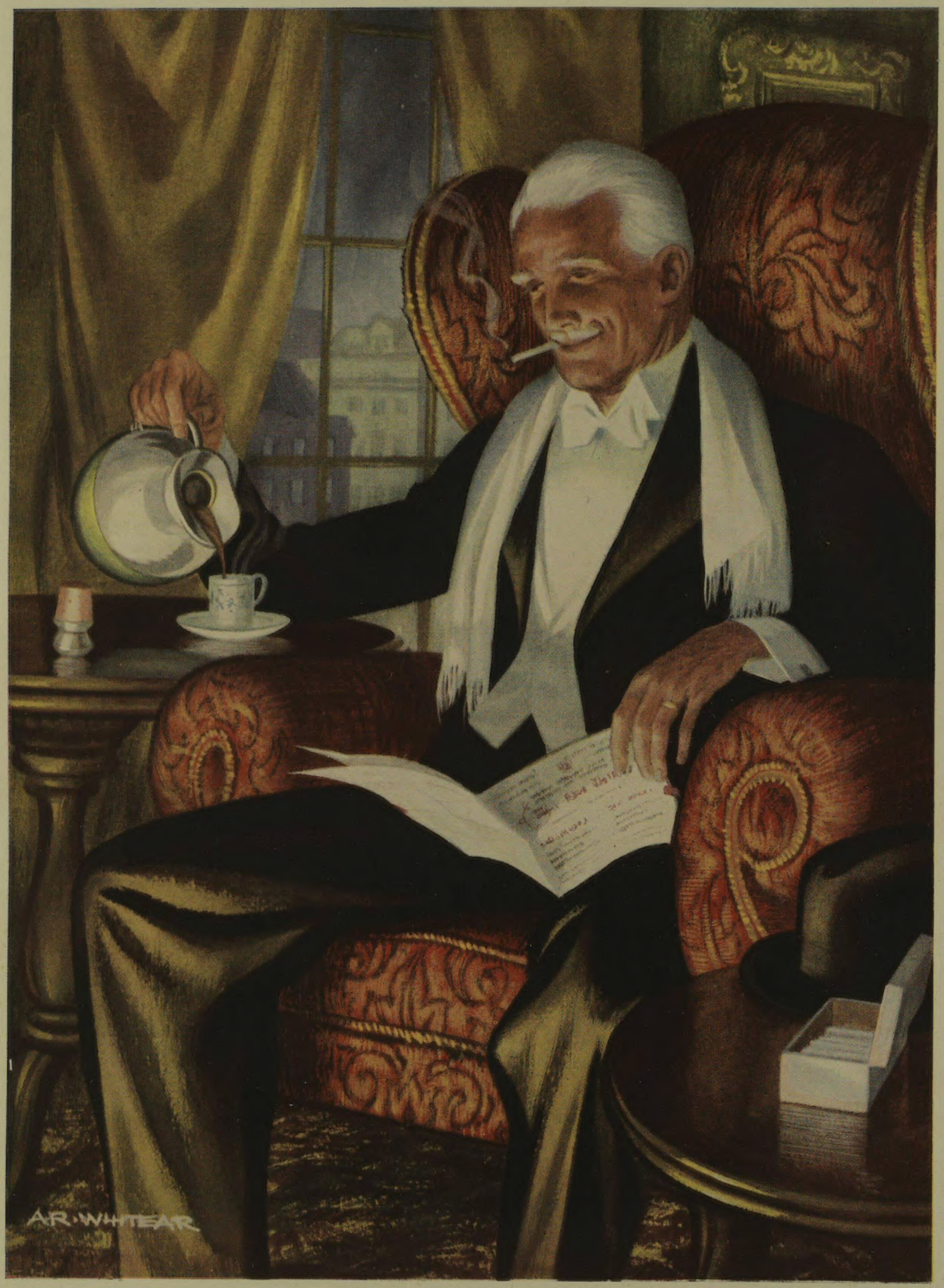
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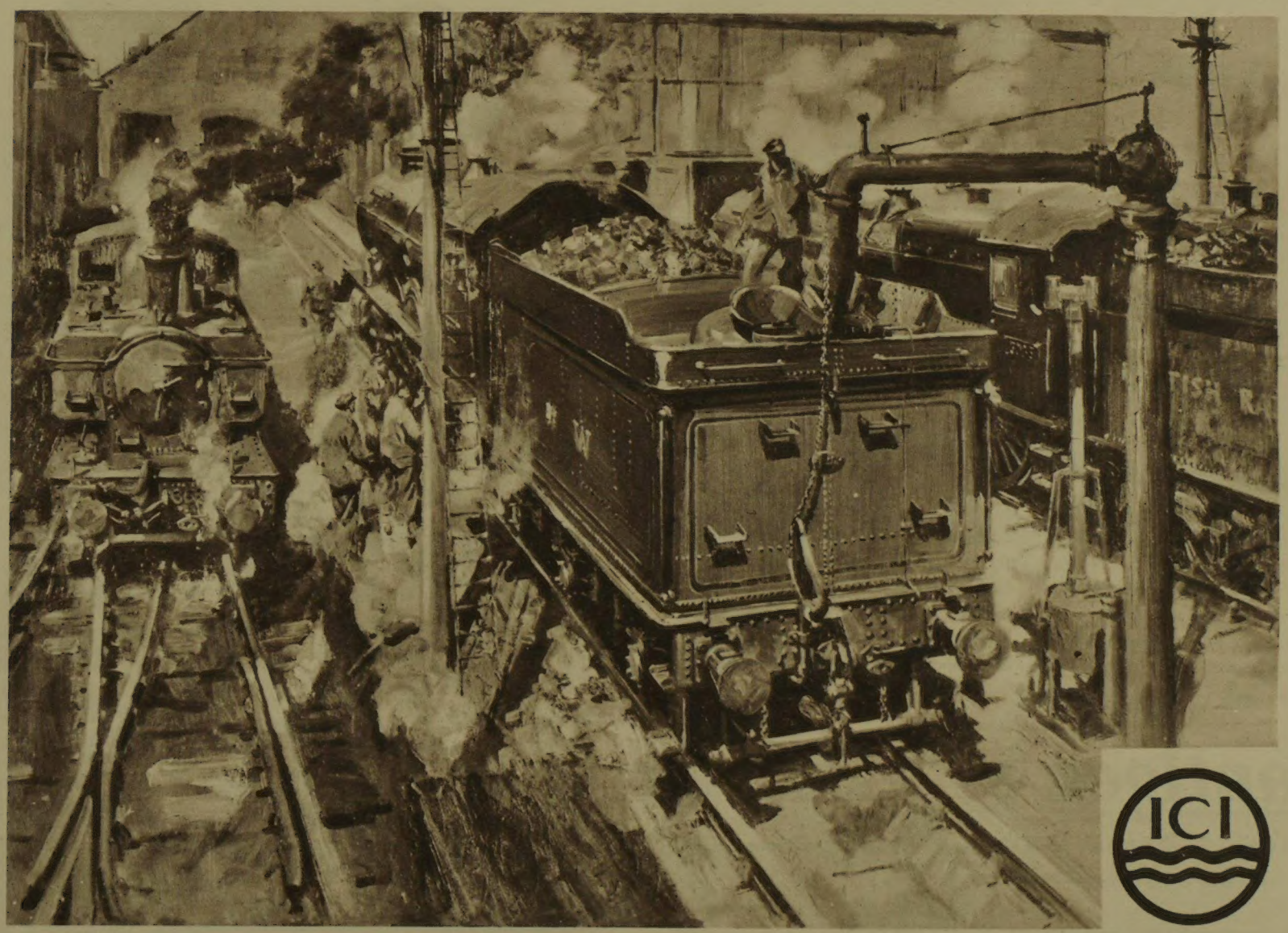
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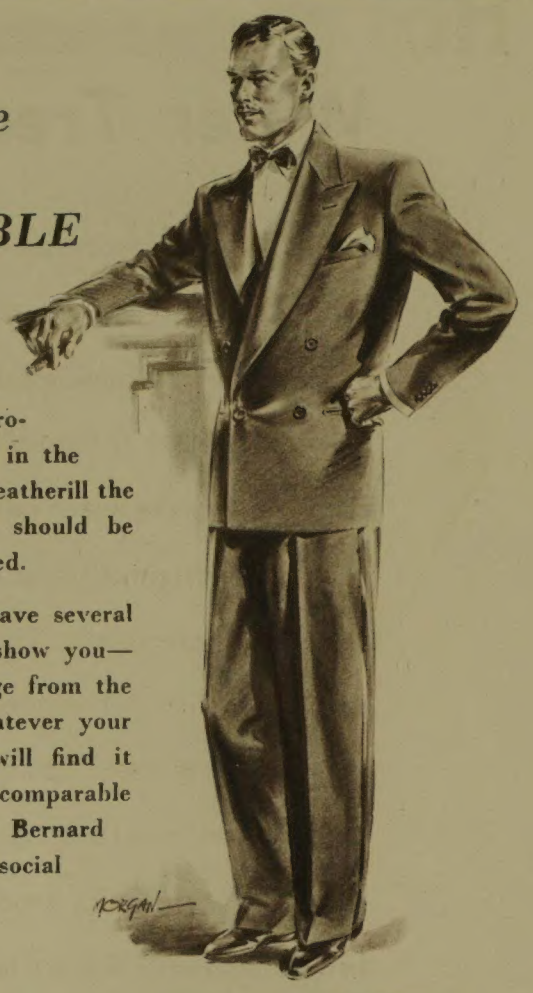
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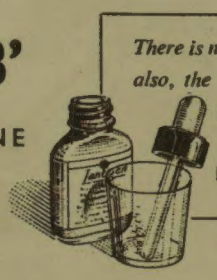
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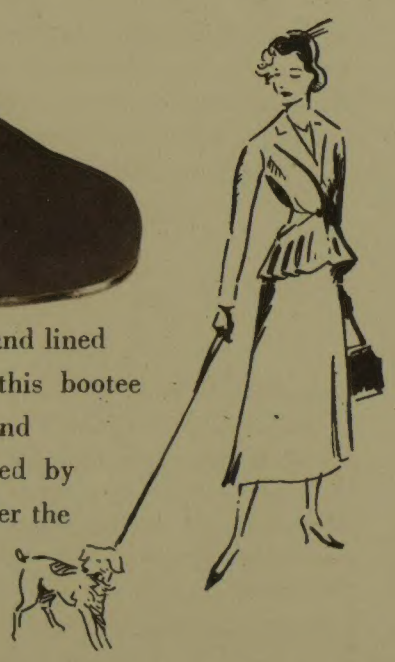
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Colours: Black, nigger, & navy £6. 5. 6

G.9. Soft Handbag in Peccary on strong covered metal frame, lined art silk, fitted small purse and mirror; suitable for all occasions. Size 9 x 6¼ in.
Colours: Grey, cherry, black, nigger, navy, nut.
£3. 19. 6

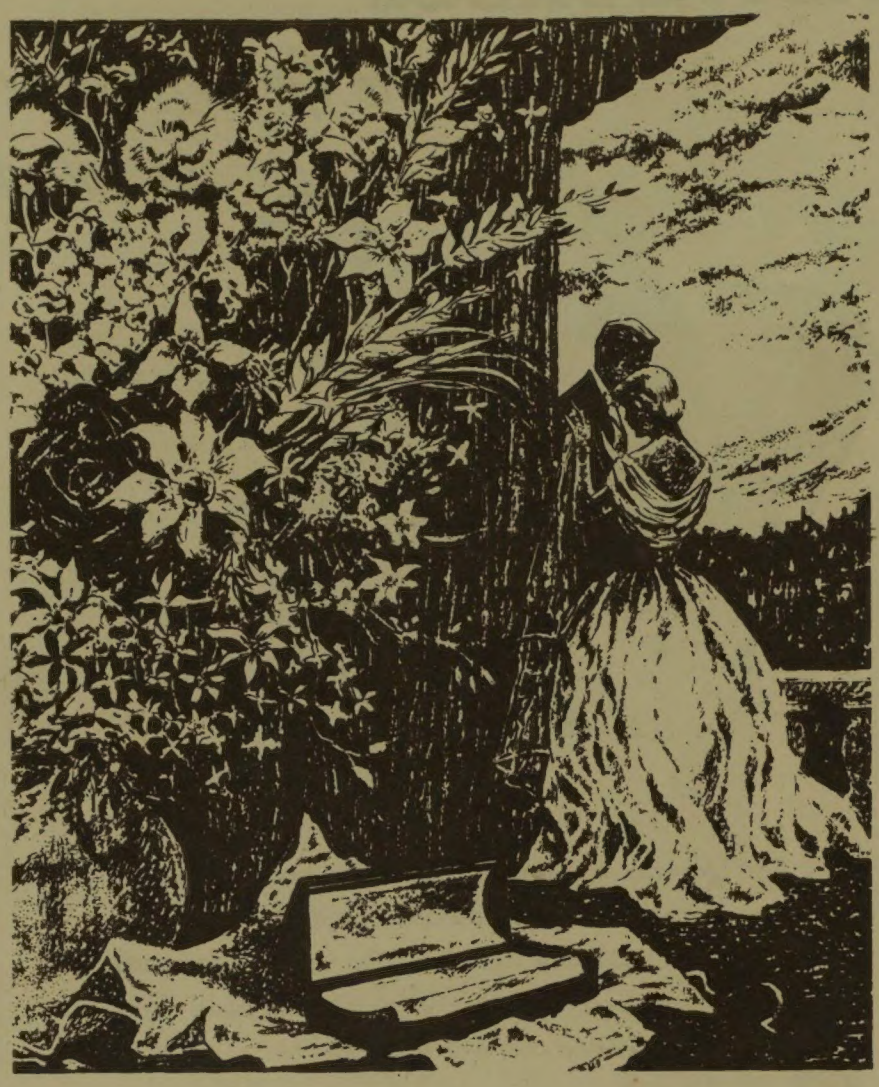
G.14. Practical Handbag in Calf Hide, lined throughout in suede, and fitted inside zip fastener, purse and mirror, also two useful pockets. Size 10 x 7 in. base 3 in. Colours: Black, navy, nigger, wine.
Also in Luxan. £8. 15. 6

G.13.
The Barrel shape Handbag, in Calf Hide or Luxan, lined art moiré, containing two separate pockets with mirror and purse. Suitable for the teen agers. Size 8 x 4½ in.
Colours: Black, navy, brown, tan & wine.
£4. 18. 6

G.12. Useful Handbag for tailor mades in soft quality calf hide, nicely lined throughout art moiré, and fitted two pockets containing purse and mirror.
Colours: Black, brown, navy, cherry & bottle green.
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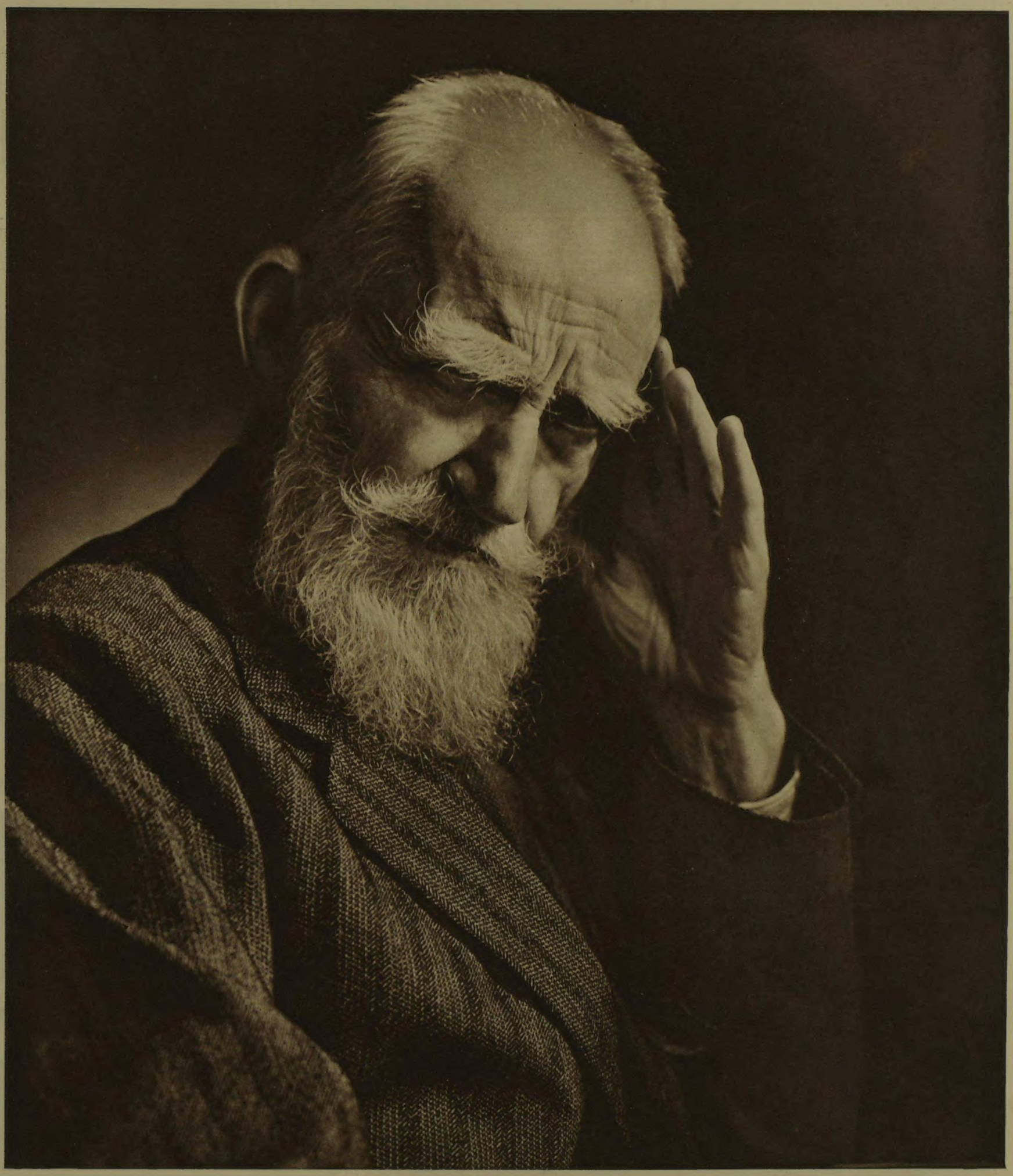


The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1950.

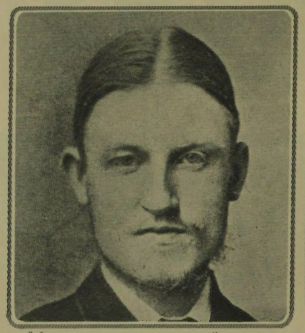


THE AGE'S PREMIER PLAYWRIGHT, WIT AND REVOLUTIONARY: MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, THE DOYEN OF ENGLISH LETTERS, WHO DIED AS DAWN BROKE ON NOVEMBER THE SECOND, IN HIS NINETY-FIFTH YEAR.

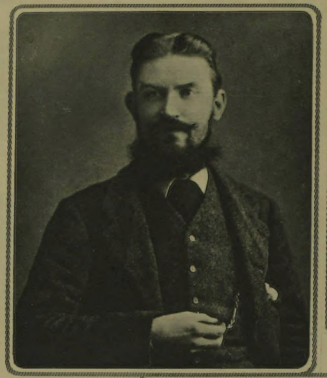
After a lifetime of over ninety-four years, of which the last sixty-five were spent in the most prolific creative and controversial activity, mostly full in the public eye, Mr. George Bernard Shaw died in a coma, which had lasted about forty-eight hours, at daybreak on November 2. He had fallen in his garden on September 11 and broken his thigh; he was taken to Dunstable and Luton Hospital and had two operations, one for the fracture and a second for kidney trouble. He returned home on October 4, but from this date his health progressively declined. His will left instructions that his body was to be cremated and his ashes mingled with those of his wife, Charlotte, who died in 1943. At the time of writing, the question of a memorial service in Westminster Abbey was being discussed.

Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

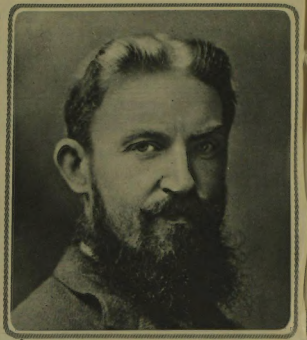
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: A PICTORIAL SURVEY.



c. 1876 AND ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OLD: "G.B.S., NEWLY TRANSPLANTED FROM DUBLIN TO LONDON. IMMATURE AND APPARENTLY AN ARRANT FRIG." (*Reproduced from "Sixteen Self Sketches." Constable and Co.*)



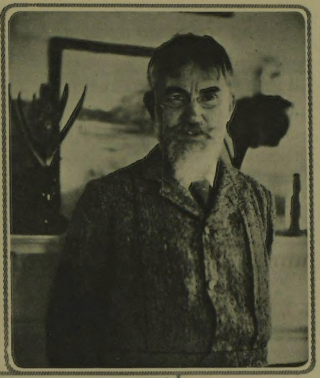
c. 1881, AND ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD: G.B.S., THE RED-BEARDED YOUNG NOVELIST, WHOSE PEN EARNED HIM ABOUT £6 IN NINE YEARS.



1891. THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD: G.B.S. THE PROMINENT FABIAN, THE EMINENT AND BRILLIANT CRITIC AND THE TIRELESS SOCIALIST LECTURER.

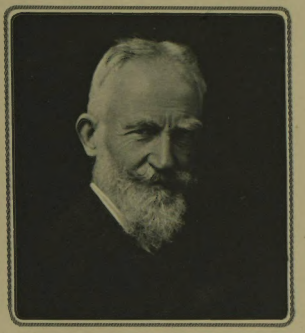


1900. FORTY-FOUR YEARS OLD: THE BUDDING PLAYWRIGHT, WITH "THE PHILANDERER" AND "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION" AS YET UNPRODUCED.



1906. FIFTY: ESTABLISHED AND LEADING LIGHT OF THE COURT THEATRE. (*From "Days with Bernard Shaw," by S. Winsten. Hutchinson's.*)

G.B.S.: LANDMARKS OF THE NINETY-FOUR YEARS.



1916. SIXTY YEARS OLD: IN THE PERIOD OF UNPOPULARITY BETWEEN HIS FIRST AND SECOND PHASES AS A PLAYWRIGHT.



1929. SEVENTY-THREE YEARS OLD: THE AUTHOR OF "THE APPLE CART," WITH LADY ASTOR, AT PLYMOUTH.

ON July 26, 1856, George Bernard Shaw was born at Dublin, the third child and only son of George Carr Shaw and Lucinda Elizabeth Shaw (*née* Gurly). His formal education was at the Wesley Connexional School, but most of his intellectual impetus seems to have derived from the lively musical circle of his mother. In his teens he worked for four years in a land agent's office, but in 1876 threw this up to join his mother in London. During the next nine years, to quote his own phrase, he "sponged on his mother," writing novels and occasional journalism which earned him in those days about £6 all told. In 1885 began the years of brilliant periodical criticism of books, the theatre and music; and in 1884 the period of Fabian socialism, which made him in 1900 the first London Socialist borough councillor. In the '90's he began to write plays, and his plays began to be produced at the beginning of the century, and the pre-1914-18 War age saw the brilliant Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court Theatre. In 1898

[*Continued opposite.*



THE HOUSE IN SYNGE STREET, DUBLIN, IN WHICH G.B.S. WAS BORN ON JULY 26, 1856, WHEN HIS FATHER HAD ABANDONED THE CIVIL SERVICE AND BECOME AN UNSUCCESSFUL CORN MERCHANT.



1937. ON HIS EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY: THE AUTHOR OF THE LITTLE-KNOWN LATER PLAYS, HERE SEEN REHEARSING A CAST. MRS. SHAW IS SITTING BY HIS SIDE.

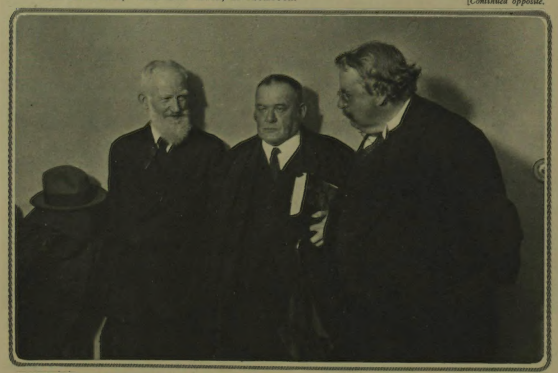
[*Continued.*

he had married "my Irish millionairess," Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend, and became financially independent of success. This Edwardian era was the time of those flashing and ruthlessly funny comedies—whose green paper backs have been so familiar to all who have grown up in this century, and in which the satire of Swift combined with the fun of Dickens to deflate the complacency of the Victorian Age—"Arms and the Man," "The Devil's Disciple," "Fanny's First Play," "Pygmalion," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "John Bull's Other Island," and all those others in which the play seemed to be the lighthearted means of inducing the public to read the ruthless pamphlets which were their prefaces. After the First World War came perhaps his greatest period, with "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah" and "Saint Joan" as the highlights. "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" appeared in 1928; and the last twenty years of his

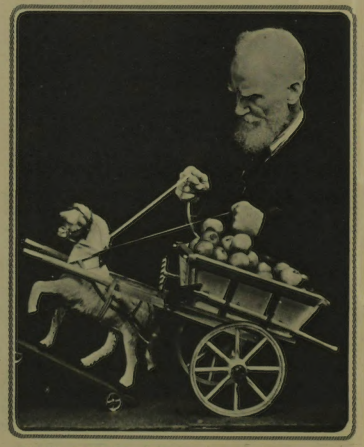
[*Continued below, centre.*



1934. SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD: G.B.S. WITH HIS WIFE, "MY IRISH MILLIONAIRESS," LEAVING WHITEHALL COURT.



1927. SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OLD: SHAW *VERSUS* CHESTERTON—THE AMAZING DEBATERS, G.B.S. WITH G.K.C. (RIGHT) AND THE CHAIRMAN, HILAIRE BELLOC (CENTRE).



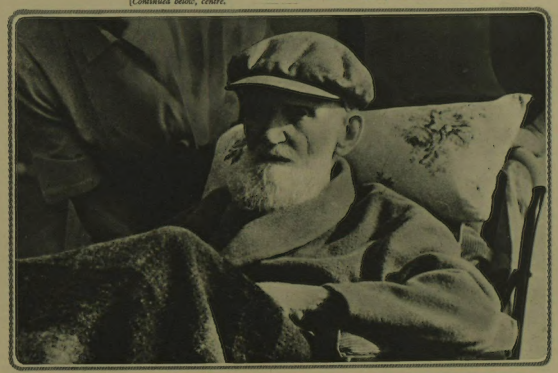
PROBABLY IN THE EARLY '30'S: G.B.S. THE SEPTUAGENARIAN, WITH THE VEHICLE HE SO OFTEN UPSET.

[*Continued.*

life were marked by a succession of plays of which "The Apple Cart," "Geneva" and "In Good King Charles's Golden Days" are perhaps the best known. His last play to be produced in London was "Buoyant Billions." In August he was still working on a play, "Why She Would Not," which was presumably unfinished at the time of his death on November 2. It was described as a light comedy.



1946. NINETY YEARS OLD: STILL AT WORK AND TYPING IN HIS GARDEN CHALET AT AYOT ST. LAWRENCE.



1950. IN HIS NINETY-FIFTH YEAR: TAKING AN OUTING IN HIS GARDEN, NINETEEN DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH. ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MUCH the most moving thing in the news for an Englishman during the past few weeks has been the opening of the new House of Commons. The photographs of the Speakers of the Parliaments of the Commonwealth—men of many races and drawn from every corner of the earth—sitting together in their robes and calm, judicial dignity, was a spectacle to warm the heart of any lover of freedom and humanity and of anyone whose pride is in the historical institutions of this country. The bonds of the great international brotherhood that men of our race have made—that began as an empire and has now far transcended the vulgar, power-connoting meaning of that name—have been shown before all the world to be, not binding ordinances and sanctions, but a common devotion to the institutions which Englishmen, with their genius for experiment and adaptation, have evolved during their long history for the maintenance and widening of human freedom. The Mother of Parliaments was holding a reunion of her children and children's children: a reunion cemented by love and true self-interest. Nothing like it, so far as human annals record, has ever been seen on the earth before. When, in that song of Elgar's and A. C. Benson's, we sing of—

Wider yet and wider
Shall thy bounds be set,

that is what we mean. We are not singing of power and dominion in the ordinary material sense, but of a dominion of reason and humanity whose service is perfect freedom.

I wrote "genius for experiment and adaptation." The constructional form of the new Chamber, following the lessons learnt from and the precedents of the old, is an illustration of that genius. Reason unbased on practical experience—a reason, in the intricate affairs of this world, invariably faulty—might have dictated the design of a chamber divided into clearly defined and separate blocs of seats large enough to hold the largest possible number of Members belonging at any one time to the various political parties. There would always be in such a House, conceived in the abstract, considerably more seating-space than the total number of Members to be seated. The result would be a chamber with a perpetual appearance of emptiness: a House that oppressed its members, even in moments of supreme crisis and tension, with the unimportance of the individual member: a House that dwarfed its own personnel. Human beings oppressed by a sense of their own triviality are almost certain to be irresponsible human beings. And the greatness of a British Parliament has always lain in the sense of responsibility of its individual members. Its highest leadership has come from men like Gladstone and Disraeli and Churchill with an almost exaggerated sense of personal responsibility; its supreme moments have been those, like the summer of 1940 or the autumn of 1797, when every Member in a crowded Chamber felt that the destinies of the world rested on his individual contribution to the common wisdom and resolution of Parliament. That sense, though dependent on other and more important factors, has required for its geographical setting a small and intimate Chamber: one which on great occasions could give to everyone present a sense of packed and tense concentration. Like the Pavilion at Lord's, it must be capable of filling up to an almost intolerable point when the moment demands; then an external physical pressure becomes the index of an inner intensity from which great acts spring. We have learnt from centuries of experience that that is the way a human institution functions best, and have re-embodied that knowledge in the making of our new Parliament House.

There is another point. An English Parliament has always been a club, rather than a debating society. It has never, or scarcely ever—and such exceptions have been the least happy in our history—been a battleground of abstract propositions propounded by human automata, unsusceptible to reason or reflection. "Government and legislation," wrote Burke, "are matters of reason and judgment, and what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion, in which one set of men deliberate and another decide, and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments. . . . It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect, their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasure, his satisfactions, to theirs; and, above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion." The House of Commons has always, in its different physical manifestations, made it natural for a Member of Parliament to serve his constituents and his country in this particular way: to be an active creature of reason, judgment and conscience instead of a mere rigid mouthpiece: in other words, a living man instead of a dummy. It has always occupied a comparatively small and intimate building, offering facilities of a warm and human kind, and of which the actual chamber or debating hall has only been a part: a club, in other words, rather than a battlefield. The best club, indeed, as has often been said, in the world! Here men, and to-day men and women, of rival parties and representing divergent interests, ideas and ways of life, meet day by day, and over long and creative periods of time, in an atmosphere of communal friendship and learn to accommodate their constituents' needs and notions and their own to the greater needs and notions of the whole. That is the peculiar respect in which British Parliaments have led the world, and why the world-wide extension throughout the Commonwealth of our Parliamentary institutions is, as I see it, a symbol of hope for the peaceful development of humanity and for the growth of that individual freedom which can only come through such peaceful development. A legislative assembly that engenders the kind of heat and unyielding rigidity that resolves itself in civil war—like, for instance, the Spanish legislative assembly of 1936—is not one which advances the cause of individual freedom. That historic and comprehensive club which men of our race have evolved through the centuries at Westminster and which men of other races throughout the Commonwealth have taken as their precedent, is an institution of a very different kind.

There is something very moving to the reflective mind in the thought of how in a few square feet of intimate, historic ground, the utterances that have swayed the British world have been made generation after generation. Successive Chambers have arisen: the old Chapel of St. Stephen, with its decorous Queen Anne panelling, where Chatham roused his countrymen and Pitt and Fox debated and which perished by fire in the 1830's: the early Victorian edifice where—

Peel stood up on the famous floor
Ruled the people and fed the poor,

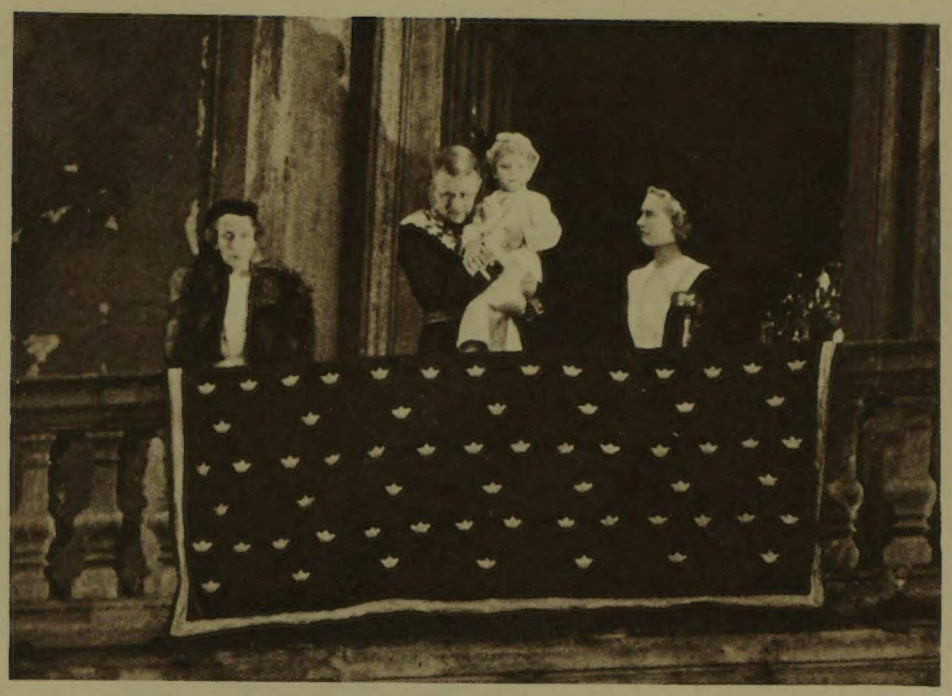
and where Churchill made the great speeches which rallied the forces of human freedom in 1940; and now the new building where further chapters are about to be written in that history. So long as they are written in the same spirit of wisdom, toleration and wise forbearance as the old, it will remain well with our nation and, whatever their and our vicissitudes, with all who repose their trust in the great name of British freedom.



A FAVOURITE CANALETTO VIEW—BY CAMERA: THE MOLO, THE PALAZZO DUCALE AND THE CAMPANILE, VENICE, JUST AS THAT GREAT EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST SAW AND PAINTED IT—WITH THE ADDITION OF A HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT.

The unchanging aspect of Venice is strikingly illustrated by the similarity between the view shown in the photograph we give herewith and that which forms the subject of the magnificent painting by Anton Canal, called Canaletto (1697-1768), reproduced in colour on other pages of this issue. The Palazzo Ducale on the right, the Campanile, the Libreria Vecchia (left centre) and the Piazzetta leading to the Piazza have suffered no alteration through the centuries. The only variation is provided by the helicopter in flight, which had taken off from the heavy cruiser U.S.S. *Columbus*, then visiting Venice. In the painting the dome of San Marco is just visible, whereas in the photograph it is not shown.

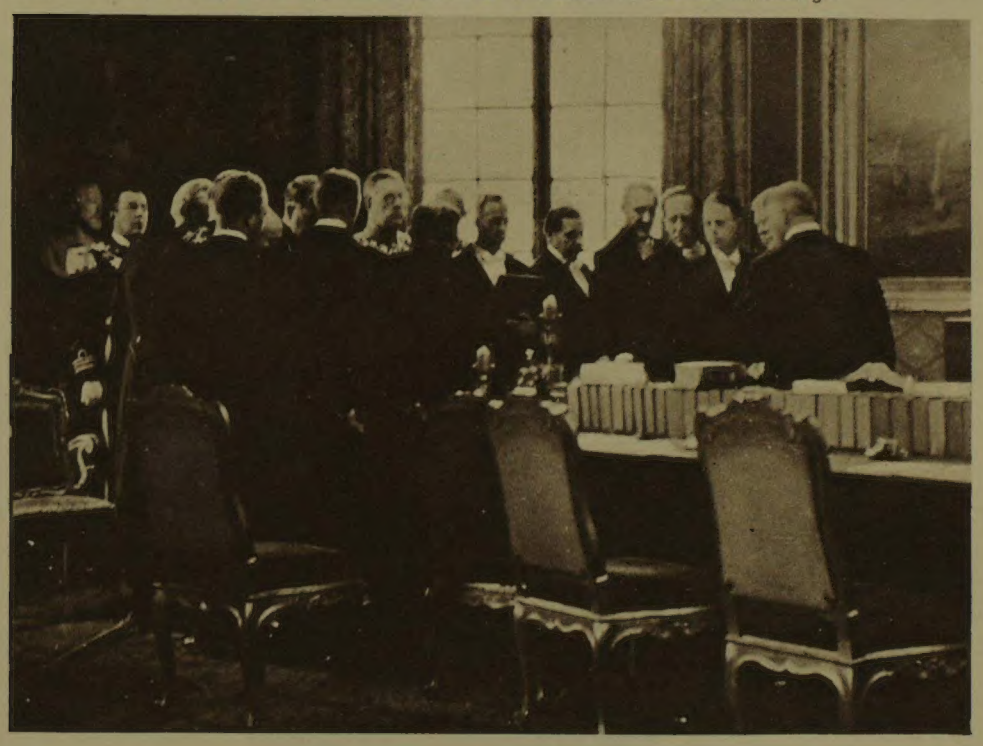
THE ACCESSION OF KING GUSTAF VI.: INSTALLATION CEREMONIES IN STOCKHOLM.



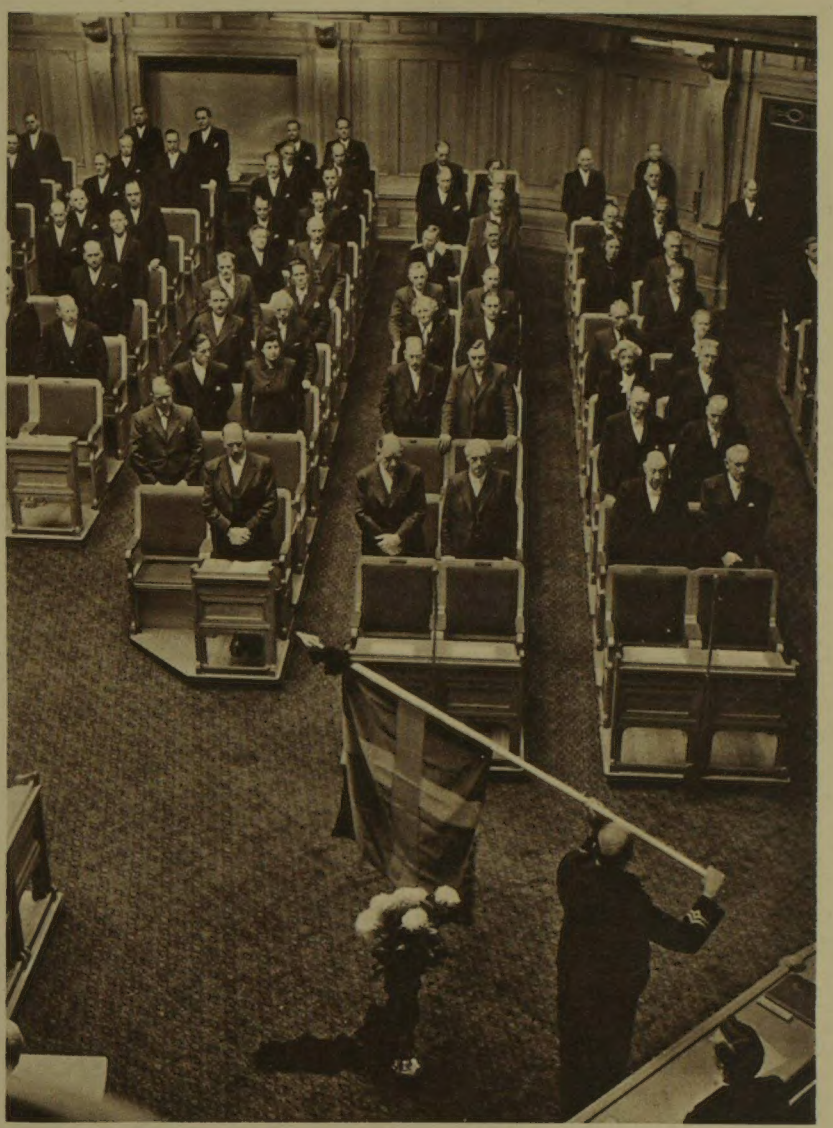
ON THE BALCONY OF STOCKHOLM PALACE: (L. TO R.) QUEEN LOUISE, KING GUSTAF VI., HOLDING HIS GRANDSON, THE CROWN PRINCE CARL GUSTAF, AND PRINCESS SIBYLLA.



PROMISING TO GOVERN THE COUNTRY "GENTLY WITH JUSTICE AND WITH INTEGRITY": KING GUSTAF VI. IN THE THRONE ROOM OF STOCKHOLM PALACE ON OCTOBER 30.



TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE SWEDISH CABINET: KING GUSTAF VI. WITH HIS MINISTERS AND PRINCE BERTIL (EXTREME LEFT).



A SILENT TRIBUTE TO THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN: MEMBERS OF THE SECOND CHAMBER OF THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT PAY HOMAGE IN A MINUTE'S SILENCE.



IN TRADITIONAL MOURNING DRESS: QUEEN LOUISE (LEFT) WITH THE CROWN PRINCE CARL GUSTAF AND HIS MOTHER, PRINCESS SIBYLLA, IN THE STOCKHOLM PALACE.

The funeral of King Gustaf V., who died on October 29, was arranged to take place on November 9, after the closed coffin had rested in the Royal Chapel in the Palace in Stockholm, where the public were allowed to file past in homage to the dead King. On October 30, King Gustaf VI. took the oath at a special meeting of the Cabinet, where he stated that his motto would be "Duty before all," and later appeared on a balcony of the Palace in Stockholm with Queen Louise, the Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, and Princess Sibylla, the boy's mother. They were acclaimed by large and enthusiastic crowds. The new King expressed his wish to dispense with the coronation ceremony, following the precedent set by his father. King Gustaf VI. was born on November 11, 1882, and in November, 1923, married Lady Louise Mountbatten, his first wife, Princess Margaret Victoria, having died in 1920. He is the sixth sovereign of the House of Ponte Gorvo, and the great-great-grandson of Marshal Bernadotte, who ascended the throne of Sweden in 1818.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE ATHENIAN AGORA: PERICLEAN STATUES AND A TOUCHING 2500-YEAR-OLD DOG'S GRAVE.



FIG. 1. FOUND DURING THE LAST SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS: A DRAPED FEMALE FIGURE (ABOUT HALF LIFE-SIZE) OF LATE PERICLEAN DATE. *cf.* FIG. 2.



FIG. 2. LIKE FIG. 1, THIS MARBLE HEAD WAS FOUND NEAR THE ALTAR OF ARES AND IS PRESUMED TO HAVE BEEN PART OF RELIEFS DECORATING IT.

The American School of Classical Studies in Athens has now completed fifteen seasons of exploration of the site of the Athenian Agora; and accounts of the School's post-war activities have appeared in our issues of November 12 and December 31, 1949, and January 7, 1950. Some interesting new discoveries have been made during the last summer, and of these Professor Homer A. Thompson, Field Director of the excavations and Professor of Classical Archæology in the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, writes the following brief account.

IN the spring and summer of 1950 the American School of Classical Studies carried out its fifteenth campaign of exploration in the Agora or market-place of ancient Athens. The season's effort was devoted chiefly to completing the excavation, study and conservation of buildings that had been hastily opened up between the wars. Conspicuous among these buildings was the Odeum (Figs. 8-10), a concert hall presented to the city of Athens by Agrippa,

[*Continued above.*

Continued.]
the minister of the Emperor Augustus, about the year 15 B.C. Burnt by northern barbarians in A.D. 267 and later used as a quarry by the Athenians themselves for the strengthening of their defences, the Odeum is now one of the most ruinous of the great buildings of ancient Athens. Close study of its foundations and the few surviving blocks of its superstructure has, however, permitted the recovery of its design in all essentials. The concert hall proper, including an auditorium to seat 1000, stage, dressing-room and lobby, was housed in the lofty central core of the building, and was lighted chiefly through an open colonnade set high in its rear end. On three sides the core was flanked by an outturned balcony from which hundreds of citizens looked down on the spectacles that took place in the square and on passing processions. Thoroughly Roman in scale and in the engineering skill that roofed the 80-ft. span of its auditorium without interior supports, purely Greek in architectural detail, the Odeum takes its place as one of the most distinctive concert halls of the ancient world. In the disposition of its balcony around a high central element, Agrippa's building curiously anticipated the great Concert Hall now rapidly nearing completion on the South Bank of the Thames. The removal of a maze of mediæval house foundations in the north central part of the square, immediately to the north of the Odeum, brought to light the foundations of the Altar of Ares (Fig. 8), whose temple was already known in the north-west quadrant of the square. Although the altar had been thoroughly stripped, there were found on and around its ruins several pieces of a high relief in marble which dates, like the altar and temple, from the late Periclean period and may well be part of the sculptural

[*Continued below, centre.*

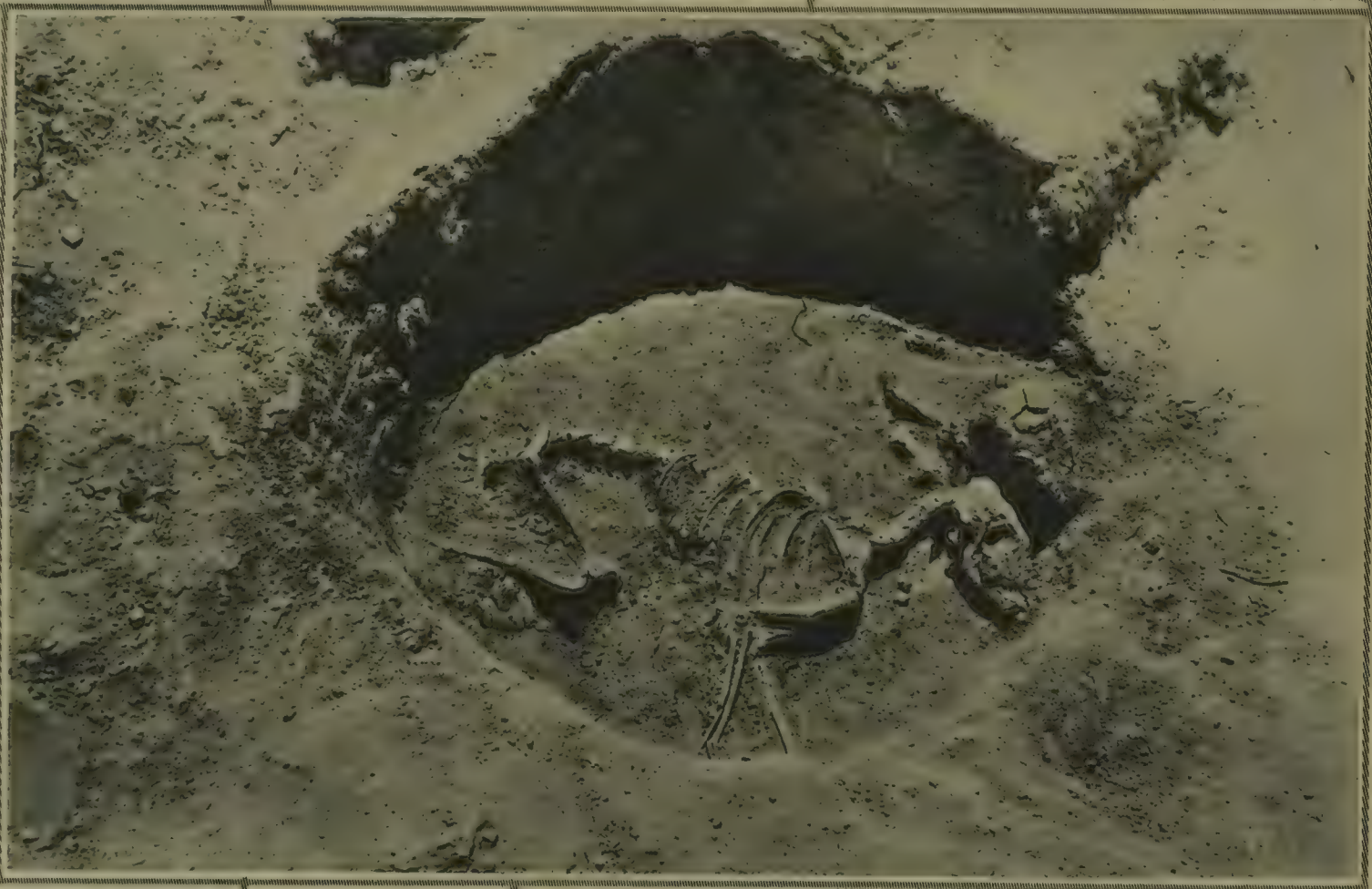


FIG. 3. A TOUCHING AND INTERESTING DISCOVERY, MADE JUST NEAR THE AGORA: THE CAREFULLY-MADE BURIAL PIT OF A PET DOG, WITH A BEEF BONE AND A MINIATURE OIL-FLASK (FOURTH CENTURY B.C.) LAID BESIDE THE BODY.



FIG. 4. A WINE JUG AND CORK STOPPER OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST KNOWN USE OF CORK FOR THIS PURPOSE.

Continued.]
decoration of the altar (Figs. 1 and 2). The scale is about one-half life, the style midway between that of the Panathenaic Frieze and of the Parapet of Wingless Victory, the quality first-class. Another building to profit from last season's activity was the Stoa of King Attalos II. (159-138 B.C.) (Fig. 8), the great market hall that closed the east side of the market square and that has been designated for reconstruction as a museum to house the finds from the Agora excavations. The archæological and technical surveys of the building have now been completed and all major problems regarding its original design have been settled with the help of the new evidence

[*Continued opposite.*



FIG. 5. FOUND INTACT IN A HOUSE WELL IN THE AGORA DISTRICT: A TERRACOTTA LAMP OF THE TIME OF CHRIST, WITH THE FRAGMENT OF THE CHARRED WICK STILL IN PLACE.

ANTICIPATING THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN CONCERT HALL: THE ODEUM OF AGRIPPA AND OTHER ATHENS DISCOVERIES.





FIGS. 6 AND 7. INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR VIEWS OF A BLACK-FIGURED DRINKING CUP (*KYLIX*) OF ABOUT 570 B.C. IT WAS FOUND IN A WELL IN 129 FRAGMENTS AND RECONSTRUCTED. THERE IS A NICE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE PEACEFULLY GRAZING HORSE AND THE DASHING WARRIOR WHO BECOMES VISIBLE AS THE WINE IS DRUNK.

Continued.]

gathered in the excavation. The deep digging beneath the level of the Stoa has brought to light the foundations of three large market buildings that preceded the Stoa in succession on this site: evidence of a 200-year quest for the perfect market building. In connection with the work on the Stoa of Attalos, an area of private habitation immediately adjacent to the east edge of the market-place was thoroughly explored. Although the houses themselves had utterly vanished, their wells were found and cleared. Ranging in date from the eighth century B.C. to the first century of our era, their abundant deposits of household material tell much of Athenian private life (Figs. 4, 5, 6 and 7). In this same area, just outside the eastern edge of the market square, appeared a round pit sunk in the soft bedrock and carefully lined with clay (Fig. 3). On the floor of the pit lay the skeleton of a small dog accompanied by two offerings: a miniature squat *lekythos*, or oil-flask, of the fourth century B.C. and a large beef bone within sniffing distance of the nose. The tender feeling attested by such careful burial recalls Plutarch's story of the dog belonging to Xanthippus, father of Pericles, which insisted on going with the family as they fled before the Persians in 480 B.C. Not finding room in a boat, the dog swam the strait of Salamis, only to collapse on the shore of the island at a point which was thereafter called the Dog's Grave. (*Photographs by the American School of Classical Studies.*)



FIG. 8. A GENERAL VIEW LOOKING SOUTH-EASTWARDS ACROSS THE AGORA SITE, TOWARDS THE ACROPOLIS (LEFT) AND THE AREOPAGUS (RIGHT). IN THE CENTRE ARE THE RUINS OF THE ODEUM (SEE FIGS. 9-10), WITH THE STOA OF ATTALUS TO THE LEFT AND THE TEMPLE OF ARES, LOWER RIGHT.





FIGS. 9 AND 10. BACK (LEFT) AND FRONT VIEWS OF A RECONSTRUCTION MODEL OF THE ODEUM OF AGRIPPA. BUILT AS A CONCERT HALL ABOUT 15 B.C., IT CURIOUSLY ANTICIPATES LONDON'S NEW FESTIVAL HALL IN ITS GENERAL DESIGN AND ENCIRCLING BALCONY.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

RETROSPECT ON THE KOREAN WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

BARRING the increasing possibility of full-scale Chinese intervention in Korea, the main war waged by large troop formations may be said to have ended by about Oct. 25. It began on June 25, and for nearly three months the more optimistic observers expected it to be prolonged into the year 1951. The chief factors in the early victory were Allied supremacy at sea and in the air, the astonishing speed and skill of American planning, organisation and transportation, and the genius of the American Commander-in-Chief, General MacArthur. The troops pulled themselves together after a period of defeat and retreat in which they were hopelessly outnumbered, and another period in which they were on occasion hard put to it to hold their own within a narrow perimeter in the south-east corner of the peninsula. They exploited the brilliantly conceived and conducted landing at Inchon effectively. The Americans, however, did not move in pursuit as quickly as armchair strategists—certainly this armchair strategist—expected. The outstanding feat in this respect was the forced march of the South Korean First Corps up the east coast. This played a great part in hastening the end, and there is good ground for the belief that it helped to render another amphibious operation unnecessary.

It is now clear that the North Koreans went into this campaign—if they were not pushed—either with great recklessness or in ignorance of American capacity in the field of "logistics." It was, if I may venture to say so, because I had some appreciation of



TURKEY'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES IN KOREA: A GROUP OF TURKISH SOLDIERS WITH KOREAN BOY SCOUTS WHO WELCOMED THEM ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT PUSAN TO TAKE PART IN THE FIGHT AGAINST AGGRESSION.

On October 18 it was reported that over 5000 Turkish troops under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Natik Poyrazoglu had arrived at Pusan to join the United Nations forces in Korea. They left immediately for Taegu by train.

this factor that I took an optimistic line here. I was not able to visit Korea, but that in the circumstances hardly mattered. While correspondents watched "G.I.s" being driven back and South Koreans being overwhelmed, I was thinking of the American ports, of fast ships in the Pacific, of American talent for improvisation, of General MacArthur's eye for a situation and sense of timing, and of the speed and competence of American staff work. In the thorough technical review which will follow this campaign it does not seem probable that many deficiencies will here be unearthed or that there will be much fault-finding. It would indeed be welcome to any organisation if it could always count upon as effective a response to an emergency as this. In other respects it is possible that there will be more room for criticism and amendment.

The land forces do not seem to have been enterprising enough in attack or to have availed themselves of their own strong resources as fully as they might. Doubtless, having on their side a monopoly of the air, officers were tempted to wait for the air forces to do the work and thus avoid casualties in a campaign in which they have been heavy enough as it is. It is always doubtful, however, whether missed opportunities in war will again be presented, and whether their loss will not entail heavier casualties in the long run. Moreover, the habit of waiting for the air forces—or even the artillery—to crush the enemy to such an extent that he becomes incapable of resistance to an infantry advance may be dangerous, because it is so much easier to pick up than to get rid of. If it becomes engrained it may have the most unhappy results when conditions are different, and wars in which one side has great air strength and the other virtually none are not likely to be common.

Excessive use of the air arm must be regarded from another point of view. Where progress by the land forces becomes mainly dependent upon bombing from the air the damage caused and the human misery created are likely to be very great. Every village or town in the path of the advance is reduced to rubble almost as a matter of course. Such a fate fell upon towns in Normandy which, according to later evidence, were not in fact used for defensive purposes by the Germans. No evidence that this occurred in Korea has yet been produced, but there was some evidence that on many occasions no one troubled to find out whether the enemy was installed in the buildings bombed. A great deal of the damage was done in South Korea, and even if Korea be now regarded as a unity, early in the campaign South Korea was regarded as friendly territory and North Korea as hostile. Heavy destruction by means of air bombing by an allied force may adversely affect the regard felt for the destroyer as an ally. Now an enormous task in reconstruction lies ahead. Seoul is said to have suffered almost as much as Hamburg. It is likely that Americans will be asked to find funds to help in putting up again what they knocked down.

War is not fought in kid gloves and it would be ludicrous for a belligerent—most of all for a shameless aggressor—to complain of hard knocks. It would be folly to deny that air support, tactical and strategic, has become one of the chief factors in success in war or to stint it when lives may be saved and valuable ground may be won by its aid. What I must confess interests me, as a student of warfare, even more than this question of destruction by bombing and its consequences, is the question whether air power will bring about a repetition of history as written in the First World War. There the science of artillery barrages was brought to a pitch never likely to be excelled. Within a relatively short time from the introduction of the creeping barrage nearly all infantry became incapable of achieving anything without it. When it was not present the simplest opportunities would be lost without having been recognised. Manœuvre almost disappeared. On the Western Front the Germans, in my view, retained rather more capacity for it than we did; in Palestine, where the country was very diverse and room was afforded because the front was thinly held, battalions showed more skill than in France.

If the forces of the free countries were to find themselves in another war, those of the land armies would have to fight in a minority. They would stand no chance unless they succeeded in keeping the warfare open. They would require the strongest possible air support and would need to have a large proportion of armour in their composition. Yet they would depend also on quick-footed, intelligent and hardy infantry, capable of manœuvre and of making its own opportunities. These are still likely to be more numerous than they were in the First World War, and infantry is better equipped with supporting weapons. The endeavour of our own School of Infantry has been to make infantry not only enterprising and quick-moving, but, where practicable, self-sufficing in small actions and the minor episodes of great ones. How far the leaven has gone in leavening the whole mass I do not know. I believe that infantry may still be the queen of the battlefield, but this will be so only if it is trained to exercise the royal functions. It will also need its share of native intelligence, which is obviously impossible if the most intelligent recruits are sent to other arms, as is too often the case nowadays.

These are lessons, assuming that I have interpreted the Korean news aright, which General MacArthur's highly-trained staff will absorb and disseminate and which our own observers will bring to the notice of our own authorities. In other respects the war will produce effects favourable to the military power and efficiency of the United States. This nation now has at its disposal for the first time since the end of the Second World War the nucleus of a battle-trained Army which has "run itself in," adjusted and oiled its mechanism, learnt in the hard school of actual warfare what others are striving to learn through exercises. Defence and rearguard action in retreat and adversity, tactics proper to mountain and to plain, amphibious operations, parachute landings, supply by air, the passage of great rivers and their bridging, all these have had their place in the Korean war. Armoured fighting vehicles and means to defeat them, artillery and transport have been tested. Staff work and liaison between the three Services have been put to proof. What is to be the future of this tried force I do not know. It has been suggested that General MacArthur would like to keep it or a considerable proportion of it in the Far East. I should have thought that divisions from it would be required in the United States or Western Europe; but, wherever they may go, they will provide a hard core of recent experience which will be precious.

How quickly and to what an extent they can be spared from Korea will depend upon two eventualities: Chinese intervention and guerrilla warfare waged by North Korean bands. The Americans do not appear to be worried about the first of these, despite persistent reports from South Korean units near the frontier that they have been attacked by Chinese forces. The explanation given officially has been that the troops concerned are volunteers in small numbers. The Chinese have all along been supplying the North Koreans with arms and food across the Yalu. Men of Korean race with service in the Chinese Communist forces have also been in action. It was not considered that this new development was serious or that it was likely to extend much farther. I can only imagine that these officers had good grounds for their appreciation. I wrote here some time ago that it would be odd if the Chinese should officially support a complete failure after having refrained from supporting what looked like a great success early in the campaign. If they do so they will be proving themselves tools of Russia, and I fancy they are astute enough to see this. They can be tools and still serve their own interests elsewhere, in Indo-China, for example. This is a risk which has to be taken into account, but, so far as I can see, not very serious.

The other risk is greater. As I write, guerrilla warfare is actually in progress. In the south, bodies of soldiers, sometimes a few hundreds strong, are raiding villages, presumably for food. Like all countries largely mountainous, this is favourable to guerrilla activities. Communist China might keep out of the war and nevertheless render valuable aid to Korean guerrillas. The forces on the spot are so strong, however, that they ought to be able to nip this evil in the bud. Severity, after due warning, and the promise of reasonable terms,



INTERROGATING A CHINESE PRISONER CAPTURED NEAR KUJANG: CAPTAIN W. J. ROSENGRAM (LEFT), SERVING WITH THE KOREAN MILITARY ADVISORY GROUP ATTACHED TO THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA'S 6TH DIVISION, SEEKS INFORMATION ABOUT THE EXTENT OF CHINESE PARTICIPATION IN THE KOREAN WAR.

In the article on this page Captain Falls says that, barring the increasing possibility of full-scale Chinese intervention in Korea, the main war may be said to have ended by about October 25. Since the article was written there have been reports that one or two Chinese divisions have been in action against the United Nations forces, though it is still uncertain whether the Chinese Communists intend to commit themselves to full-scale intervention. Some 3000 Chinese Communists were employed recently in a counter-attack against the South Korean 6th and 8th Divisions with considerable success.

is one of the strongest means of defence against the large-scale outbreak of guerrilla warfare in circumstances such as these. The South Korean troops will require restraint rather than urging or in exercising it. If I were asked for another prophecy about the immediate future of Korea, I should say that, though there is sure to be some trouble with armed bands, guerrilla warfare on a big scale is unlikely to break out. The larger problem bound up with this, the strength of American forces of occupation and the duration of their stay, can hardly be solved at once and is partly political. If the Americans were to withdraw again eventually and entrust Korea to the defence of its own forces, these would have to be far better armed and organised than they were last June. The American forces in Japan would also have to be held in a state of greater readiness. The one thing which seems clear is that it will be desirable to reduce the American garrison in Korea as far as is compatible with safety as soon as possible.

CHINESE PRISONERS IN KOREA; ENEMY COUNTER-ATTACKS AND CONSOLIDATION.



CHINESE CAPTURED IN KOREA: QUESTIONED BY A U.S. ARMY OFFICER, THEY STATED THEY WERE PART OF A NON-COMBAT GROUP.



NORTH KOREAN PRISONERS UNDER GUARD: THEIR PADDED WINTER UNIFORMS BEAR A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO THOSE WORN BY TROOPS OF COMMUNIST CHINA.



SUPPLIES BY AIR COMING DOWN NEAR UNSAN: A DROP OF SOME 80,000 LB. OF AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES MADE RECENTLY BY "FLYING BOX-CARS."



A MAP ILLUSTRATING THE POSITION ON OCTOBER 31: (A) U.N. FORCES PUSHED BACK TOWARDS HAMHUNG; (B) ENEMY ADVANCE AT UNSAN, AND THE POSITION OF U.S. FORCES ON THE WEST COAST.



THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED RAILWAY BRIDGE SPANNING THE HAN RIVER AT SEOUL, CAPITAL OF SOUTHERN KOREA: THE FIRST TRAIN PUFFING SLOWLY ACROSS.



AT CAPTURED PYONGYANG, CAPITAL OF NORTHERN KOREA: SOUTHERN KOREANS REMOVING THE CAMOUFLAGE OF HEAVY NETTING AND BRANCHES FROM THE CAPITOL BUILDING.

On November 6, General MacArthur made an important announcement in connection with the new situation which has arisen in Korea. He said that "alien Communist forces" had been introduced, and that a new and fresh army now faced the United Nations troops. This army was backed by the possibility of a large reserve and supplies "beyond the limits of our present sphere of military action." A great military reverse had been avoided with minimum loss by timely detection and by the skill of the United Nations Commander in the threatened sector. The continued attacks by the Communists have forced the United Nations troops to withdraw all along the front. Supplies were dropped by "Flying Box-cars" (C-119s) of the Far East Air Force below Hamhung, and also near Unsan, as illustrated.



DRINKING THE "LOYAL TOAST": (L. TO R.) H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR; SIR BRUCE INGRAM; H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER; MAJOR DAVENPORT PRICE AND THE PRIME MINISTER.



WELCOMING THE GUESTS: MAJOR DAVENPORT PRICE, CHAIRMAN OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND SIR BRUCE INGRAM ON HIS RIGHT.



THANKING THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS: SIR BRUCE INGRAM, EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," IN THE FOREGROUND IS SIR KENNETH CLARK (L.) AND SIR HERBERT INGRAM, BT.



SPEAKING OF SIR BRUCE INGRAM'S GREAT WORK AS EDITOR OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE.



TALKING TOGETHER BEFORE THE BANQUET: LORD BADELEY (LEFT) WITH MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. LORD TRENCHARD.



A UNIQUE BANQUET IN HONOUR OF SIR BRUCE INGRAM'S "FIRST FIFTY YEARS" AS EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.





THE WELL-KNOWN HEADING OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CLEVERLY REPRODUCED IN SUGAR: A LARGE CAKE THAT WAS MUCH ADMIRED.



WITH THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, WHO RECENTLY DECORATED HIM WITH THE LEGION OF HONOUR IN RECOGNITION OF HIS WORK FOR ANGLO-FRENCH FRIENDSHIP: SIR BRUCE INGRAM.



DISCUSSING THE MERITS OF THEIR CIGARETTES AT THE END OF A BANQUET WHICH RE-CREATED THE YEAR 1900: SIR BRUCE INGRAM WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



READING THE LIST OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS WHO WERE PRESENT: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. ATTLEE, WITH MAJOR DAVENPORT PRICE, THE CHAIRMAN AND HOST.



A MESSAGE FROM AMERICA THAT GREATLY PLEASED THE GUEST OF HONOUR: SIR BRUCE INGRAM READING. THE INSCRIPTION ON A SILVER SALVER PRESENTED BY THE EDITORS OF "LIFE."

THE LEADING PERSONALITIES IN EVERY BRANCH OF PUBLIC LIFE PAY TRIBUTE TO THE DOYEN OF BRITISH EDITORS: THE JUBILEE BANQUET IN HONOUR OF SIR BRUCE INGRAM ON NOVEMBER 6.

On Monday, November 6, a remarkable dinner was held in London in honour of Sir Bruce Ingram's "first fifty years" as Editor of *The Illustrated London News*. Two hundred distinguished guests representing Literature, the Arts, Sciences and the Royal Societies of England gathered to pay tribute to the doyen of British editors. The banquet re-created in every detail the year 1900, the first year of Sir Bruce's editorship, and the guests dined by candlelight in a room hung with red brocade; some of the pictures from Sir Bruce Ingram's collection were on the walls. The tables were decorated with orchids, red carnations, geraniums and smilax. Major Davenport Price, chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, welcomed H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and the other guests. The Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, who had later to hurry off to the House of Commons for a division, paid tribute in a speech to Sir Bruce Ingram's work for Britain and civilisation. The French Ambassador, M. Massigli, spoke of Sir Bruce's admiration of France which has been long reflected in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*. One of the most remarkable things about this never-to-be-forgotten banquet was the variety and quality of the wine, some of which was a gift to the editor of *The Illustrated London News* in recognition of his work for France. These wines were collected from France by Mr. Leslie Gardner and Mr. Bridges Webb, a director of Illustrated Newspapers. Marett and Co., through Mr. Gardner, their English representative, presented the last of their 1875 cognac, as a gift in collaboration with the Conseil Interprofessionnel du Vin de Bordeaux. Mr. Bridges Webb was responsible for the organising of this dinner, which will go down to history as the most remarkable return to the spacious days of 1900.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A PHEASANT SHOOT AT RAMBOUILLET: GENERAL JUIN, RECENTLY RETURNED FROM INDO-CHINA, THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, AND M. MAURICE GARÇON (L. TO R.).



SIR EUSTACE PULBROOK: A PORTRAIT BY DAVID JAGGER, FOR THE CHAIRMAN'S ROOM AT LLOYD'S.

On October 31, the portrait of Sir Eustace Pulbrook by David Jagger, commissioned by the Committee of Lloyd's for the Chairman's Room, in recognition of his services to the Corporation and to the members, was unveiled. Sir Eustace came to Lloyd's in 1899, and has been nine times chairman and twenty-six years a Committee member



WAITING FOR THE BIRDS TO COME OVER: MME. AURIOL, WIFE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, WHO ENTERTAINED DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT A BIG SHOOT.



LORD JESSEL, C.B., C.M.G.

Died on November 1, aged eighty-four. Lord Jessel, Conservative Member for S. St. Pancras for eighteen years, carried through the House of Commons the Old Age Pensions Act, 1911, and other measures in that House and the Lords. A member of the first Westminster City Council, he was Mayor, 1902-3, and an alderman, 1909. He also served with distinction in the Army.



AT THE DINNER ON OCTOBER 31 TO MARK THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS FIRST RETURN TO PARLIAMENT: MR. CHURCHILL WITH SIR ARNOLD GRIDLEY (RIGHT).

Mr. Churchill was, on October 31, entertained at a private dinner at the Savoy Hotel, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his first return to Parliament, by 275 Conservative Members of Parliament, under the auspices of the 1922 Committee. The descriptions of the dishes on the menu were wittily devised, and included "*Les Anges à cheval onze fois gagnant*" (a reference to Mr. Churchill's racing successes), and "*Le café* hot and strong *à la* W.S.C."



MR. JOHN CAMILLE AKERMAN.

Died suddenly on October 30, aged seventy. A distinguished figure in Press and advertising circles, he was a director of United Newspapers, Ltd., and vice-chairman of Illustrated Newspapers. As a young man he worked for *The Times*, and rejoined the staff as assistant manager from 1921 to 1928. Early in life he sailed round the Horn before the mast.



LT.-COL. CHARLES HERCULES GREEN.

It was announced in Canberra on November 2 that Lieut.-Colonel Charles Hercules Green, Commander of Australian troops in Korea, had died of wounds. He was aged thirty-one, and during World War II. commanded a battalion in the field. The first Australian troops to reach Korea landed on September 28.



MISS ALICE STEEN.

The stewardess of the B.E.A. *Viking* "Ventnor" airliner which crashed and burst into flames when landing in dense fog at London Airport on October 31, Miss Steen was one of the only two survivors. She was thrown clear on the impact and suffered concussion and laceration of the face and neck.





A TRIBUTE TO THE BRITISH PRESS: SIR BRUCE INGRAM, DOYEN OF THE EDITORS OF THIS COUNTRY AND EDITOR OF *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* FOR FIFTY YEARS, DECORATED WITH THE CROSS OF AN OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR BY THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR—THE INVESTITURE AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY ON NOVEMBER 2.

A great tribute to *The Illustrated London News*, which, indeed, is almost as widely read overseas as it is in this country, was paid on November 2, when Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., who has edited the paper for fifty years, was invested as an Officer of the Legion of Honour by H.E. the French Ambassador, M. Massigli. The conferring of this award on anyone who is not of French nationality is a signal honour. The investiture took place at the French Embassy. The group on the left shows Mme. Massigli (right centre) and (left to right) Mr. Bridges Webb, Sir Bruce Ingram and Lady Ingram after the ceremony. As our readers may recall, Sir Bruce's jubilee was marked by his Majesty earlier this year when he conferred on him a knighthood.



SPEAKING AT THE UNVEILING OF A BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN DILL IN ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY: PRESIDENT TRUMAN, WHO, HALF AN HOUR EARLIER, HAD WITNESSED THE SHOOTING AFFRAY OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE, WHEN TWO ARMED MEN HAD ATTEMPTED TO FORCE AN ENTRY.

SHORTLY after the attempt to assassinate Mr. Truman (see pages 774-775) on November 1, the President drove to Arlington National Cemetery, where a bronze equestrian statue of Field Marshal Sir John Dill, head of the British Mission to the joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington during World War II., was unveiled at his grave. General Marshall, Secretary of Defence, spoke of his friendship with Sir John Dill and said: "I wish to say here to-day that . . . his influence was greater than that of probably any other individual in welding together the military forces of our two countries. It was this complete accord that more than any other single factor gave us the victory in Europe." The President, apparently completely unaffected by the shooting affray outside his house, expressed his pleasure at attending the ceremony to honour one who stood as a symbol of the partnership of the United States and Britain. The statue is the work of the American sculptor, Herbert Haseltine, and stands on a pedestal designed by Mr. Lawrence Grant White and Mr. Welles Bosworth.



WHERE AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: A VIEW OF BLAIR HOUSE, MR. TRUMAN'S PRESENT RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON.

THE SCENE OF THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE U.S. PRESIDENT ON NOVEMBER 1; AND A GREAT BRITISH SOLDIER POSTHUMOUSLY HONOURED IN AMERICA FOR HIS WORK IN WORLD WAR II.



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT TRUMAN: POLICE AND PEDESTRIANS OUTSIDE BLAIR HOUSE, WHILE A WOUNDED WHITE HOUSE GUARD RECEIVES FIRST AID AFTER THE AFFRAY.

On November 1 two men armed with pistols tried to shoot their way into Blair House, President Truman's residence in Washington, apparently with the intention of assassinating Mr. Truman. As they approached the two short flights of steps leading into the house, they opened fire on the guards, three of whom were wounded, one dying in hospital the same night. The guards returned the fire and one of the men fell, shot through the chest, before he reached the steps, while the other, shot in the torso and head, fell into some bushes by the other entrance. Mr. Truman, who was in the house at the time, went to a window when he heard the shooting, but was warned by White House guards to stand back. The incident occurred in broad daylight while hundreds of Government employees were returning to their offices after lunch and half an hour before the President was due to unveil the memorial statue of Sir John Dill in Arlington National Cemetery. Later it was ascertained that the men were Puerto Rican Nationalists whose names were given as Oscar Collazo and Grisellio Torresola. It was announced that Collazo had made a statement that he and Torresola had made the attempt "with the purpose of killing the President."

POLAND'S EPIC UNDERGROUND STRUGGLE

"THE SECRET ARMY"; BY T. BOR-KOMOROWSKI.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

There was a time, late in 1944,—we here were about to congratulate Mr. Churchill on his seventieth birthday while envisaging an early triumph over the Germans—when for many weeks the name of General Bor-Komorowski was prominent in our newspapers. For the Warsaw Rising had broken out and war was being heroically waged behind the German lines by the indomitable Poles, the signal having been given by the Russian advance to the Vistula. The Jews had already put up a desperate fight in their ghetto, which was prompted by despair, and ended when the last of them had been exterminated: they in their resistance, had never had a hope. But this was another matter. The initiative had come from the Polish side; the outbreak had been precisely timed and, provided the Russians co-operated, there was reason to suppose that the Polish Underground Army would hold out until the Russians arrived. It began to be clear to detached observers here that the Russians were not co-operating. It was clearer still to General Bor and his colleages. At the very end, when General Rokossovsky obstinately refrained from answering messages asking for information as to the Russian date for the assault on Warsaw, it became evident that no help was coming from that quarter and that, as resistance could hardly be prolonged for more than a day or two, owing to lack of supplies, there was nothing for it but surrender. The surrender was accepted, in a gentlemanly way, by General von dem Bach: it is refreshing to find a German coming out well in a story of the War.

We followed the story of the Rising; had we had leisure to think about its origins and achievements it must have occurred to us that a tremendous organising effort must have preceded it, to enable the Poles to hang out so long against an occupying German Army. The story of that organisation is here. General Bor, after the Polish collapse in 1939, intended to make his way (unless intercepted and shot in the Carpathians) to France, like so many of his fellow-countrymen. He got as far as Cracow; in that city he met a man who pointed out to him that the whole nation wanted to continue resistance and that it was his duty to remain at home and lead it. He began at once. "We instructed our people to form groups of five. Each member of a group was allowed to know only his four fellow-members, each one of them in turn creating a new group of five. In this way the pyramid, with me at the top, was constantly growing. The use of real names was forbidden and pseudonyms introduced. The whole area was subdivided into sectors, corresponding to the pre-war administrative divisions. Each sector was to have its own local commander." For years, from 1939 until 1944, preparations went on: "the road was irksome and dangerous, but it led to the fully organised 'Secret State' with about 380,000 men in the fighting units." And every man of them had taken an oath, brought from France: "Before God the Almighty, before the Holy Virgin Mary, Queen of the Crown of Poland, I put my hand on this Holy Cross, the symbol of martyrdom and salvation, and I swear that I will defend the honour of Poland with all my might, that I will fight with arms in hand to liberate her from slavery, notwithstanding the sacrifice of my own life, that I will be absolutely obedient to my superiors, that I will keep the secret whatever the cost may be."

We are given the whole story of the organisation, the long wait, and that desperate battle during which Poles, only two hundred yards apart in the Warsaw Sewers, sometimes had to communicate with each other by wirelessing over the two thousand miles to London and back. We are also given the history of Poland under the two sets of invaders, first allied with each other and later at war, but both equipped with omni-present secret police, each intent on obliterating Poland as a nation-state, and each ready, in pursuit of its policies, for wholesale cold-blooded massacres of defenceless people. The horrors in this book would be utterly sickening were they not relieved by the unfailing gallantry of the people who had to endure them. What the Poles had to face in reality we at least should be able to face in print. And unless we face facts we shall never get anywhere with our opinions: we have had Governments of all the Ostriches long enough.



AFTER THE SURRENDER OF WARSAW: GENERAL BOR-KOMOROWSKI BEING DRIVEN TO CAPTIVITY.
(*From "The Illustrated London News," Oct. 21, 1944*)



WARSAW FORCED TO SURRENDER: POLISH PATRIOTS SEEKING A TRUCE.
(*From "The Illustrated London News," Oct. 14, 1944*)

When General Bor asked his Commander-in-Chief for permission to start the rising he advanced several arguments. The world should be shown that Poles had a will to fight the Germans to the end. The Soviets should be deprived of the spiteful propaganda argument for putting us into the category of silent allies of the Germans or into that of neutrals. And, reported General Bor with insight, "Inaction on the part of the Home Army at the moment of the Soviet entry is not likely to mean general passivity on the home front. The initiative for fighting the Germans is liable then to be taken by the P.P.R. (Communist) and a considerable fraction of the less-informed citizens might join them. In that case the country is liable to move in the direction of collaboration with the Soviets and no one will be able to stop it. Also in that case the Soviets would not be received by the Home Army, loyal to the Government and the Commander-in-Chief, but by their own adherents—with open arms. No obstacle would then remain to challenge a fraudulent claim that the nation wanted to become the Seventeenth Republic." The Kremlin evidently took the same view. The Home Army was not allowed to receive the Russians, who came, for the second time in five years, not as liberators but as murderous invaders, and what General Bor feared happened. The Russians were ready with a Moscow-trained "democratic" Government and the multitudes of Poles who had escaped, fought on every front, and taken more than their share in the Battle of Britain, were unable to return to the country they had hoped to save.



GENERAL T. BOR-KOMOROWSKI, AN ORGANISER OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT AND, FROM 1943, COMMANDER OF THE HOME ARMY
(*From "The Secret Army"; by courtesy of the publishers Messrs. Gollancz.*)

The final blow to General Bor came with the Yalta Agreement. He was in a German prison and the war was near its end: there was a secret wireless in the prison and the news came from the B.B.C. "There was not the slightest doubt that Soviet Russia was unfavourably disposed towards the true independence of Poland. It was perfectly clear that her willingness to rebuild a 'strong and independent Poland' applied only to Communist Poland (potentially the Seventeenth Republic of the Soviet Union) or at least to a "Communised" Poland entirely subservient to the Kremlin's command. The Russians had supplied enough proof of this, the ultimate being their attitude towards the Warsaw rising, in which they stood by impassively and watched the Germans deal with almost the whole actively patriotic element of the country. But it was entirely incomprehensible to us why the Allies were giving up to slavery and partition their most faithful and oldest ally of the war. Their decisions erased and tore to bits all the principles of the Atlantic Charter and allowed brute force and violence to be inflicted on Poland—the "inspiration of nations"—and to prevail over right and justice. Poland was to give up 46 per cent of its pre-war territories, while a clique of usurpers and Kremlin agents, "supplemented" by "members of other parties" in a manner devoid of any practical effect or meaning were to be imposed on the nation as a government by the three signatories of the Yalta Pact. Moreover, these decisions were made with complete disregard for the existence of legal Polish authorities, as well as of the wishes of the nation itself. It was clear to us that Yalta was tantamount to blotting out our country's independence. This blow, so heavy and unexpected, shook us to the core. Our allied colleagues seemed perplexed and embarrassed by this unexpected turn of events regarding Poland's fate. Most were openly ashamed when they met us; some of them asked quite plainly whether we would still be inclined to shake hands with them after the blow which their governments had inflicted on us."



AFTER THE FALL OF WARSAW: POLISH PATRIOTS BEING MARCHED TO A GERMAN INTERNMENT CAMP.
(*From "The Illustrated London News," Oct. 14, 1944*)

Poland is still, and once more, in chains: the Russians are still in Berlin, Vienna and Buda-Pest: we have resisted in Korea what we did not resist, years ago, in Czecho-Slovakia, or for that matter, the Rhineland. The tide may be on the turn; if it is, the Polish ship, bravely manned, will be afloat on it. As for what led to the astounding and humiliating decisions at Yalta I suppose we must wait for information until Mr. Churchill reaches Yalta in his history of the War. He at least has never had any illusions about the U.S.S.R., and is the last man to abandon a friend except under utter compulsion. I can make my guesses. So can others who are interested in "a little country far away" (Mr. Chamberlain's phrase about Czecho-Slovakia) which happens to be an ancient, brave and intensely Christian part of historic Europe, from which everything we care about springs.

The title-page does not tell us who translated General Bor's book, and we are given no information as to his present whereabouts. For all I know to the contrary he may be in Kensington or even, once more restlessly preparing for action, in the sewers of Warsaw—for the Polish Underground Army was Underground in a literal as well as a metaphorical sense.

* "The Secret Army"; by T. Bor-Komorowski (Gollancz, 21/-)

N.B.—Four-page Coloured Supplement included here.

STAINED GLASS WINDOW BY HUGH EASTON
IN NURSES' MEMORIAL CHAPEL WESTMINSTER ABBEY

A FEATURE OF THE NEW ABBEY MEMORIAL TO NURSES: THE WINDOW IN THE CHAPEL.

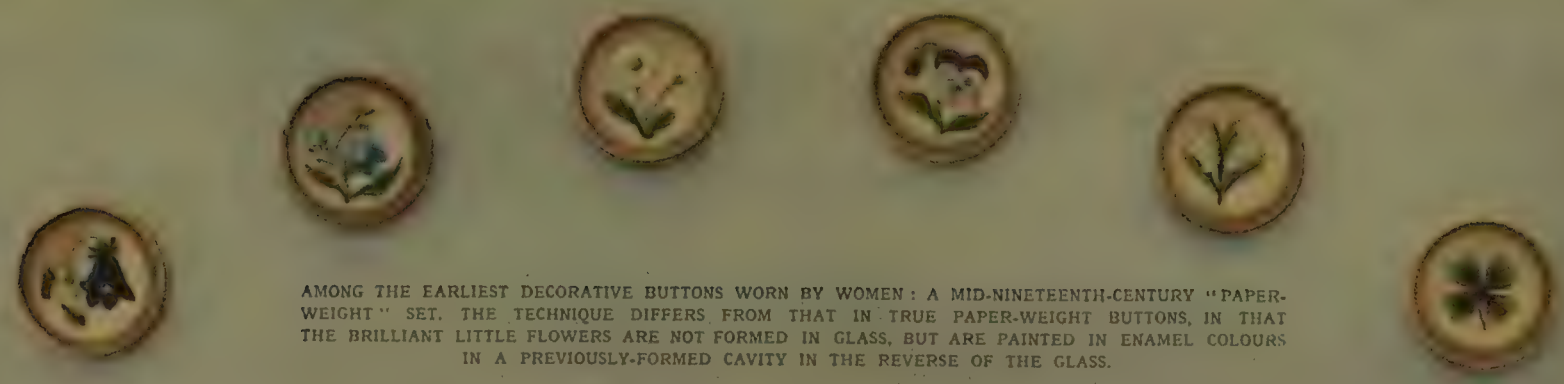
The Queen arranged to open in Westminster Abbey on November 2 the Memorial Chapel commemorating wartime sacrifices of British and Commonwealth nurses. It contains the stained-glass window we reproduce, designed by Mr. Hugh Easton (designer of the Battle of Britain window) and executed by him and his fellow-craftsmen. The Virgin holding the Child is on the left, and on the right St. Luke above a kneeling nurse. Badges of the Nursing Services and arms of the Dominions and names of the Colonies from which nurses came for wartime service are included in the design, as well as the Lamp of Florence Nightingale and the Red Cross. The Queen gave her patronage to the Memorial Fund. Administrative charges for this Fund have been borne by "The Nursing Mirror."

Reproduced by Courtesy of "The Nursing Mirror"

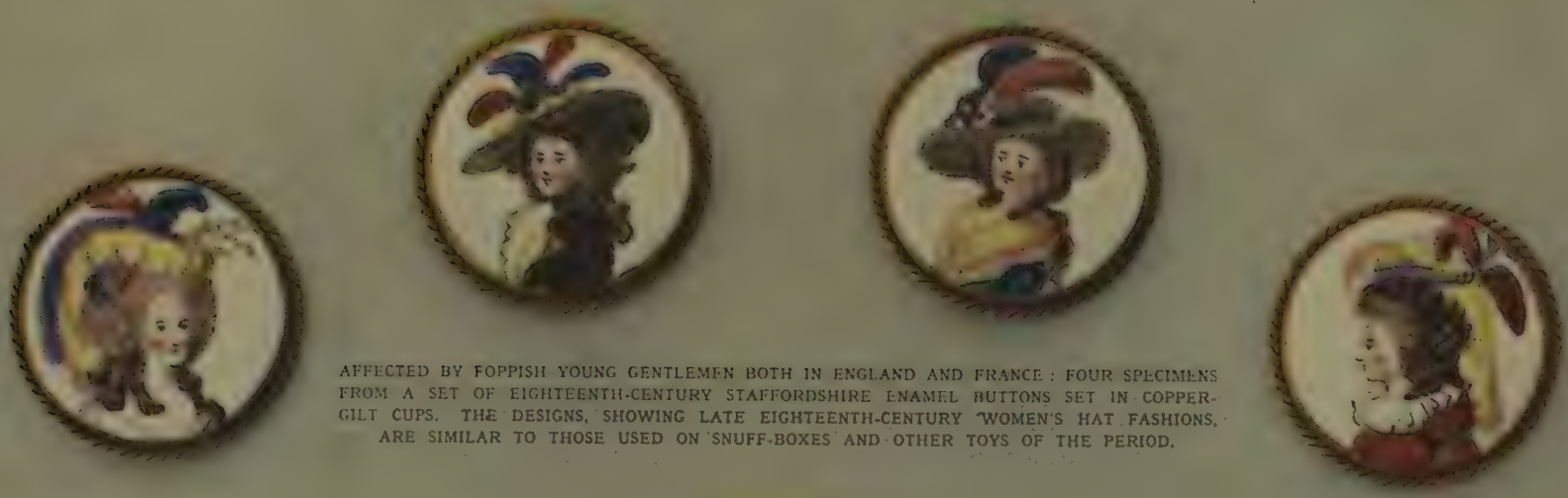


THE MAGIC OF VENICE RECORDED BY THE FAMOUS VENETIAN, ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768); THE MOLO, THE PALAZZO DUCALE, THE CAMPANILE AND SAN MARCO.

THIS PAINTING, UNTIL RECENTLY, WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS.



AMONG THE EARLIEST DECORATIVE BUTTONS WORN BY WOMEN: A MID-NINETEENTH-CENTURY "PAPER-WEIGHT" SET. THE TECHNIQUE DIFFERS FROM THAT IN TRUE PAPER-WEIGHT BUTTONS, IN THAT THE BRILLIANT LITTLE FLOWERS ARE NOT FORMED IN GLASS, BUT ARE PAINTED IN ENAMEL COLOURS IN A PREVIOUSLY-FORMED CAVITY IN THE REVERSE OF THE GLASS.



AFFECTED BY FOPPISH YOUNG GENTLEMEN BOTH IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE: FOUR SPECIMENS FROM A SET OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STAFFORDSHIRE ENAMEL BUTTONS SET IN COPPER-GILT CUPS. THE DESIGNS, SHOWING LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WOMEN'S HAT FASHIONS, ARE SIMILAR TO THOSE USED ON SNUFF-BOXES AND OTHER TOYS OF THE PERIOD.



A RARE SET OF ENGLISH ENAMEL SPORTING BUTTONS. THE FIGURES ARE PAINTED IN A SHADE OF CLARET-BROWN OFTEN USED AT BATTERSEA, BUT THE DESIGNS ARE AT LEAST THREE DECADES LATER THAN ANY BATTERSEA WORK. THE BUTTONS ARE SET IN COPPER-GILT CUPS, WITH UNCOMMON SHANKS OF CROSSED GILDED WIRES.



ENGLISH REGENCY BUTTONS. THE DESIGNS EXECUTED IN A CRYSTALLO-CERAMIC TECHNIQUE, AND THE GLASS DISC SET IN A MOUNT.

FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PICTORIAL BUTTONS, PAINTED ON THE REVERSE OF CONCAVE GLASS, AND BACKED WITH WHITE WAX

A FASHIONABLE CRAZE OF THE 18TH CENTURY: PICTORIAL BUTTONS, BEARING FLORAL DESIGNS, SPORTING SCENES AND MILLINERY MODELS.

Mrs. Faith Russell-Smith, who is an international authority on buttons, has an important collection consisting of some 5000 to 6000 specimens, examples of which we reproduce in colour on this page. They range in date from A.D. 800 to modern times and Mrs. Faith Russell-Smith writes about them as follows: "Pictorial buttons have been worn in England since the late fourteenth century; the earliest ones usually bear heraldic designs, and were worn, not by retainers, but by the owners of the device. By the seventeenth century pictorial buttons were commemorative and political in purpose; it was during this century, too, that the beautiful little *memento mori* buttons, made in enamel and gold filigree, and set under crystal, were worn. But it remained for the eighteenth-century fop to affect a pictorial button which had no other purpose than to amuse. From the beginning of the century, buttons, which were a male adornment, had increased in size until by 1880 those worn even by men of conservative taste often exceeded two inches in diameter. It is possible that these delightful buttons were originally an English conceit, as Josiah Wedgwood made them with classical subjects from about 1769. But the idea appealed enormously to French taste, and by 1786 Bachaumont was writing in his memoirs that *les Elegants* were wearing buttons of extravagant size, 'as big as a six-franc piece,' and with miniatures or whole pictures upon them. . . ."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

CHESSMEN AS WORKS OF ART AND EXPRESSIONS OF POLITICAL PREJUDICE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

CHESS is not everybody's game, though its devotees turn up in unexpected quarters; I am thinking of one or two working men whom I meet from time to time and who tell me all about those elaborate long-drawn-out battles conducted by means of his Majesty's Post Office, and which last for weeks—all this apart from local and regional tournaments and the fierce passions resulting therefrom. The history of the game is not my province: the study of the pieces which the ingenuity of many nations over several centuries has evolved in great variety is another matter, and one which anyone who cares to undertake it will find uncommonly fascinating.

I have been reminded that the last book on the subject noticed on this page was in 1938. This was by Mr. Donald Liddell, and was illustrated mainly from American collections. Mr. Liddell, who lives in New York, was over here at the time, and I have very pleasant memories of a long talk with him. Now I have another volume on my desk, "The Book of Chessmen,"* by Mr. Alex Hammond, who is well known on this side of the Atlantic as a dealer in these delectable objects, and places a vast fund of practical experience at the disposal of his readers and is agreeably sceptical about claims for exceptional antiquity for elaborate pieces, pointing out that carvers have been a conservative class on the whole and have normally made sets in traditional styles. Presumably an enthusiasm for the game as such will add piquancy to the pursuit of the various types, but those to whom the great name of Ruy Lopez means nothing, and are not aware that ecclesiastics once frowned upon so innocent a pastime, will find it difficult not to share the author's obvious enjoyment as he illustrates and theorises over sets from East and West. Now I come to think of it, I might be tempted to play with becoming seriousness if I had in my possession so remarkable a piece as Fig. 1, carved in wood and lacquered and set with precious and semi-precious stones, or, better still, because they exhibit very great qualities as pure miniature sculpture, such pieces as are shown in Fig. 3, from an Italian set of about 1780.

The author illustrates another set, one side of which represents the Chinese conception of European royalty and soldiery: the pawns appear to be Marines, with flat hats and cutlasses in their right hands. In the left is what looks like a bâton. The explanation is said to be that when the Treaty Ports were first conceded, every member of an armed party had to carry his own copy of the "Order of the day," signed by the Resident or Officer in Command, so each of these pawns carries with him not a bâton, but his written authority to use his cutlass, an interesting side-light upon early contacts with China, though Mr. Hammond would have been more in our debt, I think, had he quoted chapter and verse to prove the point. Political propaganda chessmen are legion—for example, Napoleon as the King on one side and the Duke of Wellington on the other—while the Russians have put out vast numbers of sets in which one side are capitalists and the other proletarians. These, says our author, are so well known that he gives us no illustrations. I am sorry about this, because there must be thousands of people, like myself, who have never seen such things, and they sound exceptionally entertaining—the pawns on the side of the wicked capitalists are represented in chains, working to earn gold, which is poured out from a sack by the White Queen, whereas the Bolshevik pawns are happy harvesters gathering the golden grain.



FIG. 1. CARRIED OUT IN WOOD, LACQUERED AND JEWELLED: A BURMESE CHESSMAN FROM PAGAN.
This early seventeenth-century king from Pagan is made in wood and lacquered, the decoration being completed by a large number of precious and semi-precious stones.

This brings me to what I fondly hope is a piece of constructive, if minor, criticism. There are sixty-one full-page plates—very good measure indeed—and in most cases they illustrate half-sets. But pawns are generally all alike and there are, of course, two bishops, two knights and two rooks. We could be content with one of each, and this would provide space for greater detail of individual pieces, and for a larger variety of types—a counsel of perfection, I admit, but extremely effective when put into operation as it has been in the frontispiece (Fig. 1) and on Plate 42, the Italian set mentioned above (Fig. 3).

The Russians, by the way, still make boats instead of rooks—I have often wondered why. Apparently about 600 years ago chess players in the Ganges Valley mistook the Arabic Rukhkh for Roka, a boat, and carved their rooks not as elephants with a tower on top, but as boats. The fashion, says Mr. Hammond, spread to the Caucasus, and so, since the fifteenth century, Russian rooks have always been boats. The few famous pieces, known to every expert, are mentioned, but just because they *are* famous are not illustrated. This is understandable, but experts are few, and the book, I suggest, would have been rounded off more neatly if at least the following items could have been shown, and I hope they will be in a second edition:-

(1) The game-board and men presented to Samuel Pepys by James II., formerly exhibited in the London Museum.

(2) One of the seventy-eight pieces found in 1831 in the island of Lewis, now in the British Museum. The learned still argue as to whether they are English or Icelandic, and whether of the eleventh or the seventeenth century.

(3) The so-called Charlemagne King in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, which may not be a chessman at all, and may be as late as the sixteenth century, but which is none the less a magnificent example of ivory carving.



FIG. 2. USUALLY KNOWN AS "PORTUGUESE" PIECES FROM MACAO, CHINA: AN IVORY SET.
These traditional pieces have been made in thousands for the Portuguese settlers in Macao. The pawns are in the style of sixteenth-century Portuguese infantry.

These, says Mr. Hammond, illustrate the early efforts of the Italians to subdue North Africa—and notes an African chief as king on the black side. I venture to disagree. I can see no resemblance to anything out of Africa in the classical features of these personages. Probably the best known and most popular types are the carved ivory pieces originating in Canton which were exported in vast quantities from the end of the eighteenth century onwards, and have been copied in great numbers in the Straits Settlements and Indo-China in modern times. The connoisseur whose eyes have long since learnt to appreciate the delicate subtleties of the rarer sort of Chinese ivory carving will not perhaps be greatly impressed with these and similar commercial productions; he will find them trivial, and will in so doing fall into the error of applying one set of æsthetic standards to something which is on a lower plane altogether; as well judge a sporting print by Henry Alken by the standards of Botticelli. What they do exhibit is ingenuity and gaiety of invention. One plate shows a set not made for export, and the difference in quality is obvious. As in other departments of the arts, the Chinese kept their best things for themselves until comparatively recent times.



FIG. 3. DATING FROM *c.* 1780: A NOBLY CARVED IVORY ITALIAN PLAYING SET.
Mr. Alex Hammond, in his "Book of Chessmen," reviewed on this page, states that this Italian set symbolises the early efforts of the Italians to subdue North Africa. The illustrations are reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publishers.

* "The Book of Chessmen," by Alex Hammond. (Arthur Barker; 21s.)

THE TIBETAN ARMY AND TIBET'S DEFENCE AGAINST CHINESE COMMUNISM.

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR PHILIP NEAME, V.C. (who was the military member of a political-military mission which visited Lhasa in 1936 and who was the only British Military Officer ever to carry out an inspection of the Tibetan Army).

THE only previous military clash Tibet has had with troops trained and equipped on a modern or European basis was in 1904, when the Indian Government, under Curzon as Viceroy, sent a force of a weak brigade of all arms, including mountain artillery, under Brigadier-General MacDonald to march on Lhasa. The Tibetan Army had only mediæval armament of swords and bows, with a few "prong guns" firing bits of stone or scrap metal a hundred yards or so. Though the Tibetans showed great bravery in one or two close-quarter fights, the only real obstacles to the British advance were questions of supplies and transport, which caused great anxiety, but were overcome.

From 1904 until 1936 there was no risk of foreign interference in Tibet. The Russians were far away, with 1200 miles of the highest mountains and most arid desert plateaux in the world between their nearest posts and Lhasa. The Chinese were weak and torn by internal dissensions, first under the decaying Empire, and then under the ill-starred Republic.

In 1936 the first fear of Communist bandits arose on the Tibetan eastern frontier, to the east of the line Chamdo—Jye—Kundo, in the Province of Kham, followed soon by rumours of Japanese advances in China.

These fears and alarms caused the Tibetan Government to ask for military advice and help to strengthen their Army, and it was under these circumstances that I went to Lhasa, attached to a Political Mission from the Government of India. I was the only British military officer who ever carried out an inspection of the Tibetan Army, and the only officer to visit Lhasa since 1904.

The Tibetan Army in training and equipment is certainly no match for the Chinese Communists. Whether their determination and morale can match that of the Communists at the date of writing remains to be seen. It will in truth be a clash between two very opposite ideologies. The Tibetans are entirely dominated by religious loyalty to the Dalai Lama and to their priestly Government. They are a tough and hardy race, inured to all physical hardships, and able to live and supply themselves on a very slender Line of Communication, or even live on the sparsely-populated country. They have shown military courage in the past, but it should be remembered that their Buddhist religion teaches above all things peace and non-destruction of life, and hundreds of years of Buddhism have undoubtedly lowered the military ardour of many of the races who have embraced it.

The Army is raised on a compulsory feudal basis, formerly only from certain military estates, where one soldier was due from every four acres of cultivated land. This levy raised about 3000 men in six regiments, with good traditions and morale. Non-military estates were taxed in cash or kind. From 1910 onwards, the time of the Chinese revolution, when Tibet ejected all Chinese troops and officials, more and more troops were needed, culminating in serious fighting in 1920 until, just before the Second World War, the Tibetans were maintaining an Army of 9000, practically all employed in sporadic fighting on the eastern frontier. The newer regiments have no traditions, poor morale and inferior officers.

The organisation of the Army goes no higher than the regiment, usually of 500 men, commanded by a *depon* (colonel, or junior general). Next in rank comes the *rupon* (captain or major), who commands 250 men. The *rupons* are the backbone of the Army, being long-service officers, sometimes rising from the ranks, whereas the *depons* are often young, inexperienced, and appointed from noble families or for political reasons.

The lower ranks are: *gyakpon* (commands 125 men), *dingpon* or *shen-ngo* (commands 25 men), *chupon* (commands 10 men). The rank and file are known as *makme*.

Regiments, or *depon's* commands, are seldom grouped in higher formations, because there is no higher military rank. A *depon* is only a fourth-grade official, quite low in the official hierarchy. Attempts to group regiments in the frontier fighting were abandoned owing to bitter jealousy between *depons*. The only higher co-ordination before 1939 was by the Commissioner, or *Dzasa* (Baron of Tibet), in Kham, who in cases of emergency had authority to issue orders to the nine regular and eleven militia *depons* in Kham. Normally military plans and orders originated from the *Kashag*, or Cabinet, in Lhasa, and, as an S.D.R., or Special Despatch Rider, in British parlance, takes three weeks, riding in relays, from Lhasa to Chamdo, the provincial headquarters in Kham, it may be imagined that plans are not very flexible nor operations very speedy.

In addition to all these difficulties, the Tibetan High Command suffers from having two Commanders-in-Chief, one Lama or monk, and one civilian, neither trained in the Army. This is typical of Tibet, where every Government office has two incumbents, a Lama and a civilian, to ensure the predominant influence of the priestly class. The arsenal of Lhasa, where all the mountain artillery, most of the machine-guns and rifles, and all the ammunition is kept, can only be opened and issues made, in the presence of the whole Cabinet, including the Prime Minister! Weapons and ammunition are of more value in Central Asia than the gold reserve of the Bank of England.

As a result, the soldiers never have any firing practice, and when I inspected the Lhasa garrison I found that no rifle practice had been carried out for six years. I asked to see a tactical exercise, but this was unknown, and only marching in fours could be shown, under the orders of a *shen-ngo* (sergeant). Firing practice was carried out in my presence on the Lhasa plain by Lewis guns, Vickers machine-guns and 10-pdr. mountain guns for the first time ever! The machine-gunners and artillery, trained by Yutok Depon, who had been through courses in India, performed creditably at simple targets, but the Lewis gunners and riflemen were poor.

I proposed a plan to the Tibetan *Kashag* for the formation of a brigade of all arms at Lhasa who would have British advisers to supervise their training. Any formation larger than a brigade seemed unnecessary as no larger force could operate on any of the lines of advance on the Tibetan frontier, unless supplied by large-scale air operations. When this force became efficient, a gradual relief of troops between Kham and Lhasa should take place until all the regiments had passed through the "New Model" army at Lhasa. My plan also involved the issue of more up-to-date weapons from India. The *Kashag* accepted these plans in principle with enthusiasm, but said they would have to be submitted to the National Assembly, where the Abbots of the great *gompas* (monasteries) have supreme influence. The proposals were ultimately put to the Government of India, but owing to the impending threat of war in Europe, were never implemented, as India considered they could not spare the instructors or weapons.

The present Government of India may well rue the day when their predecessors, under British direction, refused this aid to Tibet, for now the Russian-directed Communist threat is over the frontiers of Tibet, and most actively and skilfully led. Moreover, I doubt whether Tibet would accept military aid from Indian personnel. They are very suspicious of foreigners, and it took many years for British advisers to gain their confidence.

If the Communist plans envisage an advance through Tibet to the 1300-mile-long frontier with India, I do not see how the Tibetan Army, organised and led as I have described, can possibly resist. There are enormous supply and transport difficulties to overcome, but few troops in the world are more capable than the Chinese of living on the country and even in making communications fit for mechanical transport through pathless mountains and swamps, as witness the Burma-Yunnan road. In 1904 the British sent a brigade group to Lhasa, and the Chinese can live harder than any European or Indian, and will be prepared to use coercive means to force supplies from an unwilling local population that British troops and commanders could never employ.

Perhaps the Soviet Politburo will not think it worth while occupying Tibet, as it is true that no real military threat to India could be built up along the 1300-mile frontier, with its few high mountain passes, often snow-bound. But for the prosecution of a cold war and the passage of Communist agents and propaganda, and for a general nuisance value in Central Asian politics, they may have decided to urge on the Chinese Communists who at this moment are invading Tibet.



ON PARADE FOR INSPECTION: TIBETAN SOLDIERS WITH THE STANDARD OF THE LHASA GARRISON. ON NOVEMBER 1 A MAJOR BATTLE WAS REPORTED BETWEEN TIBETAN AND CHINESE FORCES NEAR CHAMDO.



TIBETAN ARMY SENIOR OFFICERS (*DEPONS*), WHO HAVE BOTH RECEIVED TRAINING WITH THE INDIAN ARMY. A *DEPON* COMMANDS A REGIMENT, BUT IS ONLY A FOURTH-GRADE OFFICIAL.

MEN AND WOMEN OF TIBET, THE LATEST TARGET FOR COMMUNIST ATTACK.



A BOY MONK: A GREAT PROPORTION OF THE TIBETAN MALE POPULATION ENTER THE PRIESTHOOD.



A TYPICAL TIBETAN MONK. THIS PARTICULAR PRIEST HAS VOWED NEVER TO CUT HIS HAIR.



TYPICAL OF THE TRADERS WHO TRAVEL WITH THE CARAVANS: A YOUNG TIBETAN, HEAVILY ARMED.



THE HEAD ABBOT OF A MONASTERY. BUDDHISM WAS INTRODUCED INTO TIBET IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.



WEARING A SHEEPSKIN COAT AND A FOX-FUR HAT: A TIBETAN, SHOWING HIS KEEN EYES AND WRINKLED FACE.



WEARING NEW YEAR ROBES IN THE CHINESE STYLE AND A HAT OF BRILLIANT RED: AN OFFICIAL.



TIBETAN CHILDREN IN THE CAPITAL OF LHASA: THEIR FEATURES ARE TYPICALLY MONGOL, AND THEY WEAR DRESSES OF CHINESE STYLE.



SHOWING THE HEAD-DRESSES AND JEWELLERY OF THE WELL-TO-DO: THREE TIBETAN WIVES OF GOOD FAMILY. THEIR ORNAMENTS INCLUDE CHARM BOXES.

The advance into Tibet by Chinese Communist forces has disturbed the Western world and alarmed India, whose Government on November 1 sent a second Note of protest to the Chinese Government. News of fighting in Sikang was followed by reports that the Chinese forces had crossed the disputed boundary line and were in Tibet proper, and the fall of Chamdo was confirmed. Tibet, which extends from Kashmir in the west to China in the east, has an area of some 470,000 square miles. Buddhism was introduced in the seventh century A.D. from India; and the Tibetans are a deeply religious race.

The World of the Theatre.

DOUBLE DEALING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is only two months since Emlyn Williams first explained to us in "Accolade"—not, I felt, very plausibly—how a famous novelist could have a double life (an intermittent affair, but still a double life) in Regent's Park and in Rotherhithe. It was, I suppose, wrong of me to be so carping: double lives are fun for the novelist and dramatist, and always must be. The fact that we hear of them so seldom in the daily round—in spite of occasional cases in court—means simply that fiction as a rule is stranger than life. It is charming to imagine that the fellow next door, who looks like a senior Civil Servant, may in fact spend most of his days, under a suitable pseudonym, coining near a wharf in Wapping. Alas, he seldom does: he remains a senior Civil Servant. We have to get what comfort we can from a double life in a novel or on the stage.

I do not mean here the plain, simple disguise assumed for one purpose and dropped: I mean the all-out achievement in which a man, or woman, contrives to lead two separate lives. It is a blithe formula for a farce. I need not recall "The Importance of Being Earnest." And we remember, earlier, how Pinero uses it in "The Schoolmistress" when Miss Dyott, headmistress of Volumnia College, near Portland Place, manages to be also Miss Constance Delaporte, the "new and startling contralto" of the latest comic opera. "Hush, Mr. Bernstein," she says, "it is a secret from Vere. Lest his suspicions should be roused by my leaving home every evening, I have led them to think that I am visiting a clergyman's wife at Hereford. I shall really be lodging in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden."

Now Terence Rattigan employs the old device in "Who is Sylvia?" at the Criterion. I am afraid this new light comedy is no adventure story. Rattigan has gone back to an earlier style but without the assurance that marked so charming a piece of flippancy as, say, "Love in Idleness." In "Who is Sylvia?" he seems to be murmuring anxiously to the audience: "What do you think of this one? Is it a good idea?" In fact, it is the kind of play in which much quick dialogue, easy badinage, is squandered on a sadly awkward plot: the old "double-life" story handled as gingerly as though the author were fingering the wrong end of a red-hot poker.

There are three periods: 1917, 1929, 1950. In the first of these, Mark (Lord St. Neots), a young man about the Foreign Office, who is also a sculptor of sorts, is entertaining an overdrawn young Cockney girl of the period in the Knightsbridge flat of his military friend, Oscar. The girl, it appears, is the image of his ideal Sylvia. That night Mark begins to lead the double life that we watch him pursuing through the periods: in 1929 when, as Lord Binfield, he is a diplomatist about to proceed to La Paz as British Ambassador, and in 1950, when (so Mr. Rattigan says with a brave gulp) he is Ambassador in Paris. Throughout the years, Mark, in love with the same face, has chased his ideal, in various forms, and kept up his second establishment as Mark Wright, sculptor. It is a blow when his wife Caroline informs him amiably, during the last twenty minutes of the piece, that she has known of his deception all the time. Mark has doubled and redoubled; but Caroline (acted with a gleam in the eye by Athene Seyler) takes game and rubber with a last smashing ace.

As a play this is a triptych: three little panels of comedy that are somehow oddly static. Superficially, there is a lot of coming-and-going, yet nothing seems to happen. Rattigan repeats himself desperately, and rather wistfully, using the Bellman's cry: "What I tell you three times is true." Since we cannot believe in the central situation, we have to depend on incidentals. Here at least Rattigan is often deft: like his own Mark, "slim, handsome, and witty." There is a girl



"WHO IS SYLVIA?" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE: A SCENE FROM ACT III., SHOWING (L. TO R.) OSCAR (ROLAND CULVER), CHLOE (JOAN BENHAM), DORIS (DIANE HART), AND MARK (ROBERT FLEMYNG).

from the tango years who, during the first act, totters in to observe: "Hot, isn't it?", or words to that effect. She is acted by Diana Allen and she deserves our cheers. Joan Benham is just as cunning as a defiant low-brow of 1950 horrified by the thought of an evening at "Julius Cæsar." And I like especially David Aylmer as Mark's heir: in ten minutes he gives the most natural, truly charming and least-fussed performance I have seen from any young actor in months. One of the three main parts is perfectly cast: Roland Culver jerks amorously through the years and remains a galloping major at heart when, at the last, as a veteran and a general, he is still ready for an evening's gaiety. Robert Flemyng, as the firm of St. Neots, Binfield and Wright, can project Rattigan's good lines but seems doubtful about the nature of his part—and I, for one, cannot blame him. Diane Hart is loyally and competently the three girls of three periods. Rattigan's period detail is usually immaculate, but was "There 's no future in soldiering" current usage in 1929?

In "Top of the Ladder" (St. James's), by that king of British producers, Tyrone Guthrie, the principal personage does not so much live a double life as live various parts of the same life at the same time. Thus, within a few steps, he will flicker from child to schoolboy to man. John Mills presents this exacting part with extraordinary fluency and freedom: his last death-bed scene must move all hearts. Unlike some of my colleagues, I found much of this piece absorbing. It can be repetitive and chaotic; the use of expressionist technique can hinder



A PLAY THAT HAS BEEN THE CENTRE OF CONTROVERSY: VAL GIELGUD'S COMEDY "PARTY MANNERS" (PRINCES THEATRE); SHOWING TERENCE ALEXANDER AS TOM WILLIAMS, DIANA CALDERWOOD AS SUSAN HOLYOAKE, GEORGE MERRITT AS JIM BALLARD, RAYMOND LOVELL AS GEORGE HOLYOAKE, JILL ESMOND AS MARY WILLIAMS, AND MICHAEL HORDERN AS CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS.

In January of this year, "Party Manners," a political comedy by Mr. Val Gielgud, was produced for a short season at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage. In June, a radio version of it was broadcast in the Home Service, and heard by several million listeners. On September 31, a television version was broadcast. On October 2, the Editor of the *Daily Herald* wrote in his paper: "This crude, silly and insulting 'comedy' should not be repeated in Thursday's programme." On October 3, the repeat performance scheduled for October 4 was cancelled; and on October 11 Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, in a personal statement, said that he was personally responsible for this cancellation, as "the play was capable of being misunderstood." On October 31, the original stage version was produced at the Princes Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue.

more than help. Yet, the symbolic ritual, the towering ladder and the skeleton scenery aside, there are remarkable flashes of theatre, and these more than atone for exasperations. Miles Malleson, as an incompetent old balloon of a business-man, and John Mills have in the second act one of the most poignant and best-performed scenes of the year. Guthrie's main theme appears to be, simply: "I think all parents want to live their lives over again, through their children." But there is much more in it than that.

The double life at the Phœnix is a passing affair, merely dear Phœbe Throssel's attempt to masquerade, for the benefit of dear Valentine Brown, as her own non-existent niece, dear Miss Livvy. The piece is Barrie's fond Regency anecdote, "Quality Street," which here has added to it a tinkling musical score (Harry Parr Davies) and some serviceable lyrics (Christopher Hassall). It holds the stage soundly, and I do not think that the acting is likely to disturb those who remember "Quality Street" in its prime: one performance indeed, Olga Lindo's fluttering Miss Susan, is straight from Barrie's blue-and-white room. It would be hard for anyone to live a double life for very long in Quality Street: Mr. Rattigan's diplomatist and Mr. Williams's novelist would have discovered this within a week.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH" (Arts Theatre Club).—Hugh Ross Williamson has written an admirably direct and sensible portrait-play in which Elizabeth, as acted by Catherine Lacey, is recognisably the Queen and not a puppet with a heavy contralto voice. (Produced on October 10.)

"TOP OF THE LADDER" (St. James's).—Tyrone Guthrie's gallant and often moving experiment is presented beautifully by John Mills and a cast in full sympathy with the author-and-producer. Much must rest on a playgoer's personal view of expressionism in the theatre. (Produced on October 11.)

"THE FOURPOSTER" (Ambassadors).—A thinly-contrived set of six bedroom duologues covering nearly fifty years of married life. Written by Jan de Hartog and presented with competence by Dulcie Gray and Michael Denison. (Produced on October 12.)

"DEAR MISS PHŒBE" (Phœnix).—Barrie's "Quality Street" with music: an amiable evening that does no violence to the play. (Produced on October 13.)

"OUT OF THIS WORLD" (Palladium).—The revue is gaudy without being very neat; but Binnie Hale's vitality has not waned and Frankie Howerd's talent as a comedian will mature. (Produced on October 18.)

"AND THE WHEEL TURNS" (New Lindsey).—An insipid comedy from the French. (Produced on October 23.)

"WHO IS SYLVIA?" (Criterion).—She does not appear, but she is the theme of Terence Rattigan's uncertainly-handled light comedy which depends upon its dialogue rather than its situations. (Produced on October 24.)

"AWAKE AND SING" (Saville).—In revival, this play (by Clifford Odets) of Jewish life in the Bronx during the mid-thirties seems to falter from platitude to platitude. (Produced on October 24.)

"ARDÈLE" (Birmingham Repertory Theatre).—A finely-produced and staged version (by Lucienne Hill) of a Jean Anouilh play that, for all its dark bitterness, has surprising theatrical power. (Produced on October 24.)

"PARTY MANNERS" (Princes).—Val Gielgud's urbane light comedy that, for some reason, baffled the B.B.C. Governors. (Produced on October 31.)

"TAKE IT FROM US" (Adelphi).—Slap-bang revue with the three pleasant radio players, Joy Nichols Jimmy Edwards and Dick Bentley. (Produced on October 31.)

THEIR MAJESTIES MEET "THE MUDLARK" STARS: SCENES AT THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE.



THE BOY-STAR OF "THE MUDLARK" PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD ANDREW RAY, SON OF TED RAY, THE RADIO COMEDIAN.



THE KING AND QUEEN CHATTING WITH THE ACTRESS WHO PLAYS QUEEN VICTORIA IN "THE MUDLARK": THEIR MAJESTIES WITH MISS IRENE DUNNE.



A STAR OF THE SILENT SCREEN AND HER DAUGHTER: MISS GLORIA SWANSON (MRS. FARMER) AND MISS MICHELLE FARMER.



WITH THE ACTRESSES MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON, MISS JEAN KENT AND MISS GLYNIS JOHNS (L. TO R.): PRINCESS MARGARET.



ARRIVING AT THE EMPIRE: MR. JAMES STEWART, MRS. STEWART AND HER LITTLE BOYS.



MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS, MR. DOUGLAS, THE RETIRING UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR, MRS. DOUGLAS AND THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVING AT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE: WITH (RIGHT) MR. J. ARTHUR RANK.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, attended the Royal Film performance at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on Monday, October 30, and saw an American actress, Miss Irene Dunne, take the part of Queen Victoria in the picture "The Mudlark" (20th Century-Fox), based on a novel by an American, made in England. After the performance the leading players and other film actors and actresses were presented to the Royal party. The Queen accepted a bouquet from the boy-star, Andrew Ray, who plays the name-part, and asked him questions about his work in the picture; and the King had some conversation with Andrew's father, Ted Ray, the radio comedian. The Queen also heard from Miss Irene Dunne details of her elaborate make-up as Queen Victoria. The Queen and the Princesses wore black dresses, as the Court is in mourning for the late King of Sweden.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



GARDEN EQUIPMENT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

OF all provoking proverbs, "A bad workman complains of his tools" is, I think, the most tiresome. This may be because I am an exceptionally unhandy workman, incapable of knocking in a nail without smashing a window, or my thumb—or both.

A better version would surely be "A wise workman leaves no room for complaint of his tools," and this applies with special force to gardeners. The tools and equipment that some gardeners put up with and try to make do with, are truly astonishing: rusty spades, spineless trowels, and watering-cans whose roses, instead of giving a fine, soft, even spray, concentrate their outpourings into a violent perpendicular dribble.



GARDENING MARCHES ON: A LAWN-MOWER ADVERTISEMENT OF SOME FORTY YEARS AGO, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT RESCUED FROM THE DARK RECESSES OF A COUNTRY SEEDSMAN'S SHOP SOME YEARS AGO . . .

Employee gardeners are not always to blame for this sort of thing. Too often their employers are too close-fisted or too short-sighted to pay for anything but cheap, inefficient garden equipment. They do not realise the immense waste of time and energy that this involves. Plant out a hundred wallflowers with a cheap and rusty trowel, in rather sticky ground for preference, and then plant another hundred with a sharp, rustless steel trowel, and you will see what I mean. If a trowel or a spade is of ordinary steel and not the rustless variety, it should at least be kept clean and polished, and a wipe over with an oily rag after use will keep it in good condition.

I wonder why spade manufacturers make all spades rigidly rectangular at the cutting end, instead of slightly rounded at the corners, as old, well-worn spades become. There are, I suppose, powerful gardeners who take a pride in strenuous deep digging and double-trenching, and who would scorn any but a full-length, square-ended spade blade. If I go to the tool-shed to select a spade with which to plant or dig up some shrub, I do not choose the newest in the collection, but rather an oldish, well-worn specimen whose business end has become rounded into a more or less streamlined cutting edge. And that, I feel sure, would be the choice of nine gardeners out of ten, for nine out of ten garden jobs. So why should we not be able to buy spades with blades ready-made to the shape and sharpness and size we most often want?

A year or two ago I stayed with a friend, most of whose garden equipment was deplorable. She had a beautiful and rather large garden. It was on the large size, at any rate, for her industrious single-handed gardener, even when supplemented with the immense amount of work she did herself. Her watering-cans were of zinc, or what looked like zinc, and were so constructed that, whilst their feeble spray was irregularly moistening one pan of seedlings, a heavy dribble was swooshing seedlings out of the adjoining pan.

But the matter of the mowing machine was really naughty. We were having tea in the garden whilst the gardener was mowing the rather extensive lawns. "Why don't you get a motor-mower, it would save Bob hours of time and oceans of sweat a week, and enable him to keep just ahead of, instead of just behind, the work he wants to do?" The idea of a motor-mower filled her with horror. Not the outlay. She could have managed that comfortably, or at any rate she could have managed it—with just a little less generosity to other people. It was the noise, she explained, the horrible mechanical noise of a petrol engine. She adored the drowsy, soothing sound of a hand-mower. I looked at the perspiring Bob. Was ever such sentimental cruelty? I suggested that the swish of a scythe was even more antiquely soothing than the sound of a hand-mower. As an alternative I suggested a motor-mower to be used when my hostess was out shopping, and that during tea in the garden there should be a gramophone in the background playing a record of a hand-mower—just to make tea in the garden completely restful. But I understand that Bob still pushes the hand-mower, and both are aging steadily.

The labour of running a garden may be lessened enormously by a little care in the choice of garden tools, and the extra expense of buying the best quality instead of second- or third-grade stuff is paid for in a relatively short time. The pleasure of using the best equipment is enormous. Some of the more expensive garden implements, such as spraying machines, mechanical hedge-clippers, and motor-cutters for dealing with rough grass might well be bought and shared co-operatively by neighbouring garden-owners. I know one garden-owner who has wisely reduced his cultivated ground to an amount which he can manage comfortably single-handed. The rest of the garden is down to rough grass and standard apple-trees. He has bought a motor grass-cutter, of the kind that one sees cutting roadside grass. It cost him, I believe, in the neighbourhood of £60, but he gets good interest on his investment by hiring it out to neighbours for a small sum per day.

Hacking at weeds in a gravel path with a hoe has always seemed to me a silly occupation. It is at once laborious and inefficient. The hoe is bound to miss the small seedling weeds, which will shortly become hearty adults, and it merely decapitates the tap-rooted veterans, which will grow again stronger than ever. A few shillingsworth of weed-killer will clear the lot, large and small, with a tenth the labour and ten times as thoroughly. A dose of sodium chlorate applied in spring when the weeds are on the move will clear your paths and keep them clear of weeds for twelve months. The trouble with sodium chlorate in recent years has been that it has constantly gone off the market, and each time it has come back the price has gone up. But I prefer it to all other weed-killers, especially those which make a garden smell like a fever hospital for several days after application and those which kill dogs, cats, birds, etc.

Another silly occupation is spudding plantains and daisies out of the lawn when there are selective hormone weed-killers which will destroy the daisies, plantains and dandelions, in fact, all lawn plants except the grass. One of the most worthwhile vices that a gardener can contract is the habit of visiting ironmongers and seedsmen—the best within range—with an open eye, an open mind and an open purse, prowling in search of garden-tools and gadgets. No gardener's year is complete without a visit to Chelsea Flower Show, and no visit to Chelsea is complete without an hour or so spent in the Sundries Avenue. It's a gadgeteer's paradise. There are garden frames and greenhouses, barrows with pneumatic tyres and barrows so nicely balanced that they throw no weight on the arms and back; pruners of every kind; sample sods of turfy loam that look fit to eat—though a trifle rich; extending ladders; weed-killers and insecticides; "artistic" garden-baskets and "artistic" garden gloves—everything. Visit the flowers and the rock-gardens first, and there place your orders; but on no account should the "sundries" be missed.

The same delightful temptations are to be found at agricultural shows, though there they are usually more scattered and more blatantly displayed.

I find that I have left myself with no room to discuss, describe and recommend the indispensable widger. But let me warn you: don't ask a naval man what a widger is. A widger in the Navy is quite different from a garden widger.



. . . AND THE MOTOR-MOWER OF TO-DAY, WHICH A SMALL BOY CAN CONTROL AND HANDLE, WHILE THE MOTOR DOES THE WORK AND SAVES "HOURS OF TIME AND OCEANS OF SWEAT A WEEK" IN MAINTAINING A PERFECT LAWN.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

It is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD OF MANY NATIONALITIES WHICH OVERFLOWED ST. PETER'S SQUARE, ROME, ON THE MORNING OF ALL SAINTS' DAY (NOVEMBER 1) TO HEAR POPE PIUS XII. PROCLAIM THE NEW DOGMA OF THE BODILY ASSUMPTION INTO HEAVEN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.



THE SCENE INSIDE THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S DURING THE PONTIFICAL MASS, WHICH SUCCEEDED THE PROCLAMATION OF THE DOGMA FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PETER'S.



THE SCENE OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S AS POPE PIUS XII. PROCLAIMED *EX CATHEDRA* THE NEW DOGMA IN ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CEREMONIES EVER SEEN.

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII. PROCLAIMS THE DOGMA OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

On the morning of November 1—All Saints' Day—a new dogma of the Roman Catholic faith was proclaimed *ex cathedra*—the first since 1870. The ceremony—probably one of the most impressive ever known—began early in the brilliantly sunny morning, and thousands of pilgrims and spectators of many nationalities crowded the Square. After the great procession, Pope Pius XII. took his seat on the throne in front of the Basilica, and received the obeisance of the thirty-six Cardinals present; and then, speaking *ex cathedra* as the infallible head of the Universal Church, read the second part of the Bull which proclaims the new dogma of the Bodily Assumption of the Virgin Mary into Heaven. After a brief address, he gave the Papal Blessing and entered St. Peter's, where he celebrated Pontifical Mass.

CHAMPIONS OF THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW AT OLYMPIA.



DOG, AND BEST OF BREED: MRS. E. HALIDAY'S AIREDALE TERRIER *BAMFYLDE KNIGHT*. THE BEST BITCH WAS MR. C. DEW'S *THELWYN YENOLAM MERRY MASCOT*.



BITCH, AND BEST OF BREED: MISS H. M. OSBORN'S GREAT DANE, *BERINTHIA OF BLENDON*. THE BEST DOG WAS MRS. M. S. LAMING'S *GOLDENLIGHT OF ICKFORD*.



DOG, AND BEST OF BREED: MRS. I. C. NICOL'S OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG, *PAUL OF SQUAREFOUR*, WINNER OF TWO FIRST PRIZES.



DOG, AND BEST OF BREED: MR. AND MRS. J. VEAL'S ELKHOUND, *BRUNO OF VEALSHOLM*.



WINNER OF THE "BEST-IN-THE-SHOW" AWARD: MRS. H. B. NEEDHAM'S CHOW-CHOW BITCH, *CHANG-SHI-Y-ZADIG OF AMWELL*.



DOG, AND BEST OF BREED: LADY LAMBE'S ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL, *CH. WHADDON CHASE PRINCE*.



WINNER OF A KENNEL CLUB CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE: MRS. G. WORKMAN'S SMOOTH-HAIRED DACHSHUND, *CH. SILVÆ SAILOR'S QUEST*.



BEST OF BREED IN THE SHETLAND SHEEPDOG CLASSES: MISS I. SINGLE'S *TIBBETTS ARDENE AZALEA*.



BEST OF BREED IN THE LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUND CLASSES: MISS K. A. CHEANEY'S *CH. CHRISTOPHER OF BRINCLIFFE*.



BEST OF BREED IN THE CLASSES FOR SCHIPPERKES: MR. AND MRS. L. LUDFORD'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD *GOBLIN OF SCHIPPLAND*.



BEST OF BREED IN THE KING CHARLES SPANIEL CLASSES: MRS. E. H. MITCHELL'S *CH. LYDIA OF LAVENDERWAY* (LEFT) AND *CRISPIN OF LAVENDERWAY*.



DOG, AND BEST OF BREED: MRS. D. L. PERRY'S SAMOYED, *GOGOLEV CORBESKY*. THE BEST BITCH WAS MR. S. BUCKNALL'S *HONOR OF THE ARCTIC*.

The annual championship show of the Ladies' Kennel Association was held at Olympia on November 1. There were some 3250 dogs on view, representing more than ninety different breeds, of which the smooth-haired dachshunds had the largest entry with 283. The "best-in-the-show" award went to Mrs. H. B. Needham's red chow-chow bitch, *Chang-Shi-Y-Zadig of Amwell*, and Mr. T. V. Rank won both the Irish wolfhound challenge certificates with his dog, *Champion Oughborough McCarthy of Boroughbury*, and bitch *Oughborough Tara of Boroughbury*, while another "double" was brought off by Mrs. E. Montgomery, who gained both the boxer awards with *Champion Panfield Ringleader* and *Champion Panfield Bliss*. H.R.H. the Princess Royal is patron of the Association.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MOLE POPULATIONS, AND DEEP NESTING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A MOLE scatters some signs of its activity above ground, but for the most part it is very much a member of the underworld, and the evidence of its life and habits is largely hidden from view. The result is that, while we know a fair amount about moles, there are still very many aspects of their behaviour about which we are much in the dark. As a matter of fact, even what we do know has been pieced together only as the result of long and patient observation, and plenty of hard work—digging.

Having had a passing interest in moles for many years, it recently occurred to me to give some thought to the matter of the density of mole populations. We know, for example, that in years gone by, mole-trapping was systematically and extensively carried out. This was partly to wipe out the poor beast that would persistently disfigure the surface of the earth with unsightly mounds of good top-dressing, or throw up mounds in the hayfield that blunt the teeth of the mower. It was also partly for the sale of its pelt. Even to-day, when the professional mole-catcher is tending to disappear, trapping is still extensive. And when one remembers the high numbers in which they have been taken more or less continuously over the last century or so, the wonder is that any are left. We can perhaps do no better than quote Barrett-Hamilton and Hinton (*British Mammals*, Vol. 2): "One trapper . . . declared that he had destroyed from 40,000 to 50,000 moles in thirty-five years. Jonathan Couch informed Bell of another who in Cornwall took no less than 1200 of these animals in six winter months; while . . . the two brothers Watchem have secured no less than 1500 fresh skins in a single season at Colchester. But all others must yield to le Court, who in the short space of five months accounted for no less than 6000 moles within a comparatively small district; and two of his pupils, during the month that they were under his instructions, killed 971."



PORTION OF THE FACE OF A SANDPIT SHOWING TWO HORIZONTAL MOLE-RUNS IN SECTION AT APPROXIMATELY 6 INS. BELOW THE SURFACE, AND LOWER STILL A SCORING OF THE FACE OF THE PIT WHERE A TWISTING AND BRANCHING VERTICAL RUN, REACHING TO A DEPTH OF 4 FT., WAS EXCAVATED BY DR. BURTON.

On pages 786-787 of this issue we illustrate some of the aspects of the structure and behaviour of the Common Mole. It is usually assumed that a mole's activities are carried out almost entirely underground, and it is true that they use a system of tunnels both horizontal and vertical which reaches in places to a depth of 4 ft. Nevertheless, moles frequently come above ground in search of food, which they pursue with equal speed and energy above ground as under ground. Eye-witnesses speak of the mole's prowess in leaping and as a swimmer.

It would be reasonable to assume, purely as a matter of guesswork based on the known rates of killing, that the population of moles in Britain as a whole has fallen considerably since, say, 1800. There is some evidence that, over large areas, especially in the regions of big towns, they have been heavily reduced in numbers or even wiped out altogether. Elsewhere, and this includes the larger portion of the country, we cannot be so certain of it. In some parts they are still very abundant, though the increase in arable land must have resulted in an appreciable reduction. In any case, we have no means of assessing what the mole population of Britain was fifty or a hundred years ago, and nothing short of a census, such as that carried out on the grey squirrel a few years ago, could enable us to do more than guess at what it is to-day. The most we could attempt would be estimates for limited areas.

The question then arises, what method, or methods, could be used for arriving at a reasonably accurate figure per acre, even in limited areas. Obviously, population per acre will vary according to the nature of the soil, and will depend particularly upon those other factors which determine the population densities of earthworms, for moles feed mainly on worms. Estimates of the number of earthworms per acre have already been made, and the usually accepted figure is, by and large, in the region of one million per acre. My own counts in various types of soil lead me to accept this as a reasonably accurate figure. But worms vary in size, so that something more than numbers is required. Moles kept in captivity have been found to consume some 3 ozs. of food in twenty-four hours: that is, an amount approximately equal to their own body-weight. My own weighings of worm populations beneath a yard square of ground give from 3 to 6 ozs. per square yard. It can be readily observed, however, under a variety of situations, that no mole cleans the ground of all its worms. Some are left behind to breed and provide mole-sustenance in the future, and this "residue" represents the greater part of the population in any given area. In other words, only a small proportion of the 3 to 6 ozs. per square yard is taken at any given time.

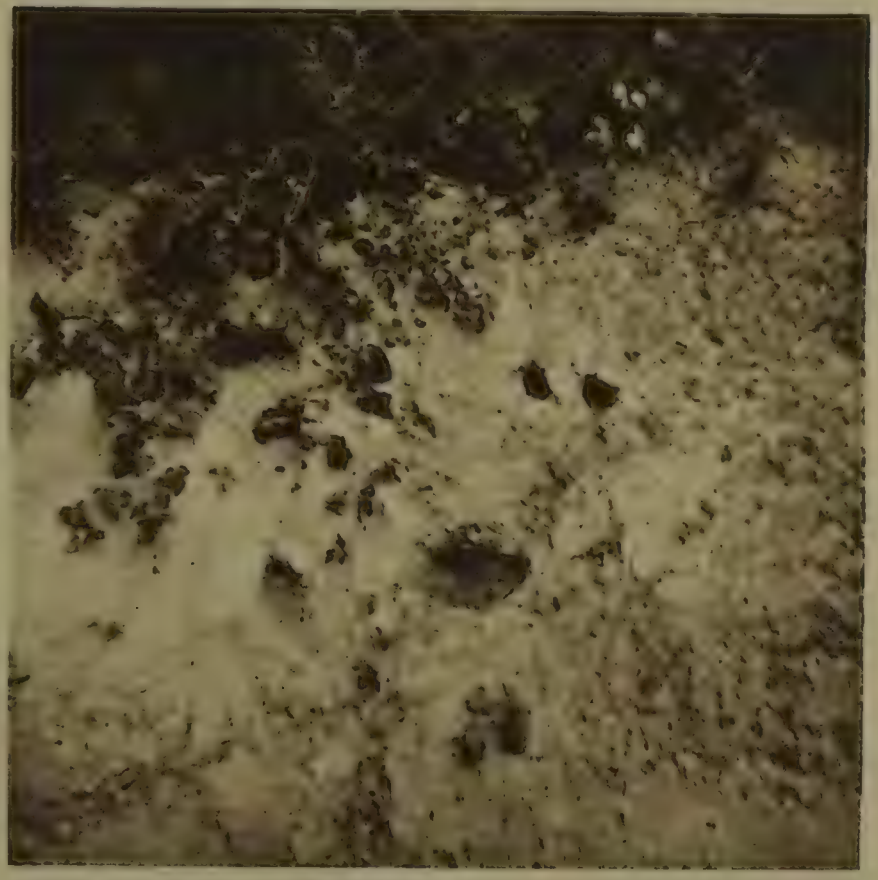
If, however, we assume that the moles resident under an acre of field were to clean the earth completely and systematically of worms, there would be sufficient to support approximately twelve moles for a year or, say, a hundred moles in an eight-acre field for a year under the best circumstances. Since moles in theory should not, and in practice do not, eat out the ground as they go, we might suggest on a conservative estimate that there should be a maximum population of thirty to forty per eight-acre field. To check this, I have posed the question to mole-catchers: How many moles would you say lived in an average-sized field, say eight acres? The replies have varied, but can be epitomised in one of them: "I once caught forty in one day in a single field, but I 've often caught only one." In other words, catches per day can vary from nought to forty in a single field. Admittedly this is catches, not populations, but if forty can be caught in one day in one field then the population of that field cannot be much less than forty, even if we allow for a few wanderers from adjacent fields coming in at an unlucky moment.

We have arrived, then, at a closely similar figure computed, on the one hand, on the basis of the potential food supply and, on the other hand, on figures for maximum catches. If, now, we adopt an even more conservative and at the same time more generalised attitude, it seems reasonable to accept a population of twenty moles for an average-sized field under the best conditions.

There remained, however, a third approach to this problem. It is usually accepted that a mole occupies a domain (or territory) with permanent highways and surface runs, and with a central habitation or fortress, containing a nesting chamber. These fortresses are represented by mounds, usually 3 ft. in diameter and 1 ft. high, with the nest 2 to 6 ins. below the original surface of the ground, or actually above that level in boggy ground. It is, moreover, usually accepted that there is one fortress to each mole. If this is true, then an assessment of the population of moles in any given area should be simple. All that is needed is to seek out all the fortresses over a wide area of country and the population density is a matter of simple arithmetic. This I did in an area teeming with molehills and surface runs. The result was unexpectedly low, giving less than one mole to an acre. Clearly this was wrong.

A possible solution to this seeming paradox was found by chance. A large field was being excavated to a depth of 10 ft. for its sand and gravel. In one corner on a vertical face cut a year ago was a nesting chamber with its runs, 3½ ft. below the surface. Above this, on the original undisturbed surface of the field, no sign could be found of the typical mound. The site of the nest was some 4 ft. from a hedge, and beyond this a sloping bank ran down to a sunken road some 10 ft. below. Presumably the excavated earth had been pushed out horizontally to this slope. The finding of one deep nest does not, however, prove much.

By good luck, at a spot five miles away, a road had been recently widened, and on the face of the cutting was another cavity, with two confluent nesting chambers, three lots of nesting materials, and the decomposing remains of a mole in one of the nests. It was 2½ ft. below the surface and, again, there was no perceptible mound on the original surface of the ground above it.



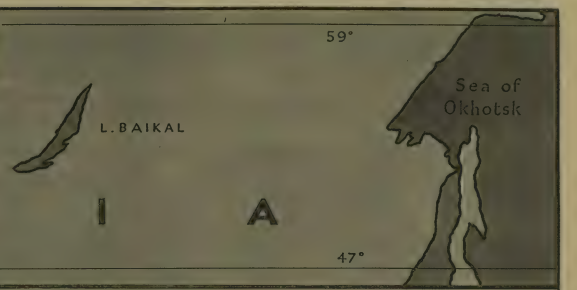
ANOTHER WALL OF THE SANDPIT SHOWING A NESTING CHAMBER EXPOSED DURING THE QUARRYING, TOGETHER WITH SECTIONS OF THE EXIT MOLE-RUNS. THE NESTING CHAMBER WAS 3½ FT. BELOW THE ORIGINAL SURFACE OF THE FIELD AND WAS EXPOSED IN SEPTEMBER, 1949. WHEN EXAMINED IN AUGUST THIS YEAR IT STILL CONTAINED THE BULK OF THE NESTING MATERIAL.

In normal agricultural operations the earth is not disturbed beyond 6 ins. or a foot at most. To dig deliberately to search for such deep nests would be out of the question with no tell-tale surface mound to guide the searcher. Their discovery must therefore depend upon the very chance observation during deeper excavations, such as gravel-pits and road-cuttings. It may be that such deep nests have been recorded before. If so, then I am unaware of it. At all events, it seems highly likely that the habit of making such deep nesting chambers must be more common than we usually suppose, and would account, together with other things, for the discrepancy between estimated populations per acre and the number of discernible nesting sites.

THE COMMON BRITISH MOLE

COMMON BUT UNFAMILIAR, IT RANGES FROM BRITAIN ACROSS EUROPE TO THE EAST SIBERIAN COAST.

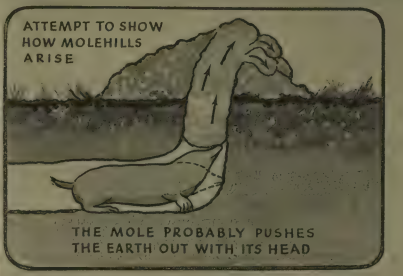


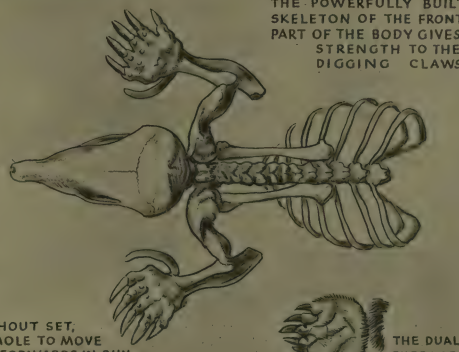


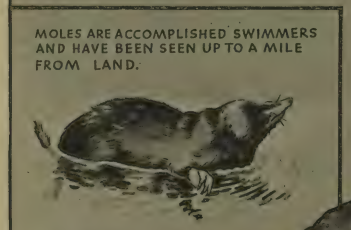
A MOLE LIVES UNDERGROUND AND SUBSISTS ON EARTHWORMS. IT IS A HIGHLY SENSITIVE AND ACTIVE ANIMAL, FEEDING RAVENOUSLY AND CONSUMING ITS OWN WEIGHT (AVERAGE 3OZ.) OF FOOD PER DAY.



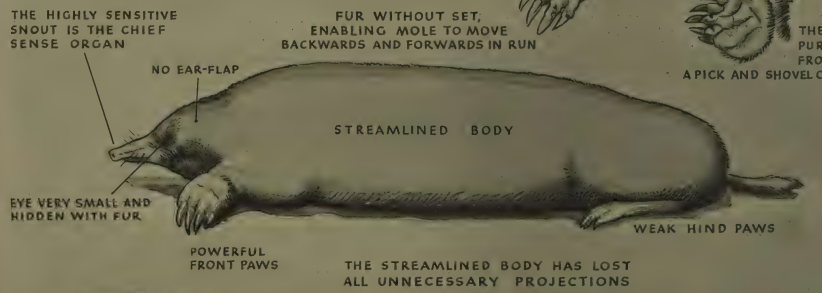
TALPA EUROPAEA















NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SOME people think that hedonism is a good approach to conduct, but not to novel-reading. It may be that their super-ego won't be put down entirely; or yet again, of course, they may be right. But if one does read for pleasure, the first thing, possibly the one thing needful, is to be in good company. Which means the author's company. If that is good, at worst the pleasure will be constant in a mild way.

I have said much the same before, though not, I hope, in quite the same words. Unluckily, it is a thought that seems to crop up in mitigation, and signify a disappointment. And to be frank, "**The White Cat,**" by Hugh McGraw (Arthur Barker; 10s. 6d.), is less remarkable than I would gladly make out. Its author should be better known. He has a talent not massive but original, and at his best a vein of wild, comic poetry. His world, too, is unmatched in fiction. It is a kind of technical Bohemia, a growth of Outer London and kindred spots, of mushroom factories and reinforced concrete. Don't say that other people use the same ground. In Hugh McGraw it is all different, slightly bewitched; it strikes one as a queer mushroom fairyland. This glint of genius is erratic, and his books are not solid; but why is he so little heard of? I can imagine nothing to account for it, except sheer bad luck.

Bryant, though technical-Bohemian by affiliation, has sunk into a doormat for the real technocrats. He is a commercial artist down on his luck, in a contemptible and paltry job, with morning headaches and a well-marked failure-neurosis. The sense of failure has induced inertia—and so on, in a vicious circle. And though he is extremely bright and knows just what 's wrong with him, the understanding doesn't help. Nor does his wife Sally. She works, indeed, or they could scarcely get by; she is a healthy, self-reliant, upstanding partner. Bryant would be lost without her. Yet in his predicament, someone a little less upstanding might be more tonic.

Then the White Cat of a recurrent nightmare dawns on him as young Carla Richmond—a moonfaced, touch-me-not young lovely, ogled by the whole factory. He makes a bid for her attention. He secures her interest. The technocrats admire, the headaches go. But he means nothing; at least, from step to step, he doesn't mean to mean anything. It is against his principles, it might estrange his wife—and Carla is a sexy, hopeless little dimwit in any case. Whenever he pulls up, the morning headache swoops down again. Yet he remains determined to pull up. . . . A lifelike study in temptation, with lurking ironies in every corner. But still, too thin and undynamic.

"**Winged Seed,**" by Katharine Susannah Prichard (Cape; 12s. 6d.), has just that muscularity and substance which we don't find in Hugh McGraw. It is the third part of a long saga, an epic of the West Australian goldfields. Robust, high-minded, solidly informed, alive to all public issues, and yet wholeheartedly romantic—one could say a great deal of good about it. There is, of course, the usual handicap, the chance that we have not read—or, still more likely, have forgotten—what went before. Sequels are always advertised as self-contained; but it is never quite the case and, indeed, ought not to be. And it is less so as they pile up, as characters acquire a longer past and leave their future behind them. Sally the matriarchal pioneer, and her companion Dinny, her black affinity Kalgoorla, and the reprobate Paddy Cavan, are all on the verge of life, acting no more, but trailing clouds of bygone romantic incident. At this stage there is little plot.

But there is no deficiency of matter—what with the mining industry, the class struggle, and the Second World War. The limelight is on Sally's grandson Bill, an engineer and, in or out of khaki, a devoted soldier of Communism. All the good characters are communistic, in the highest style; but though their inspiration is generous, their slogan "Russia is always right" becomes very tiresome. But then the picture of Australia's war is something fresh. . . . Yet on the whole, no. These romantic sagas, even the best of them, the most substantial, have no real nourishment. They have no contact with the inner life, or things as they are. Bill is a grim and a crusading spirit—and the genre asks no more of him.

So here the company is dull but wholesome. Whereas in "**Top of the World,**" by Hans Ruesch (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), it is extremely animating—and I think it is rather bad. I am not talking of the Eskimos, its chief exhibits. No one could object to the Eskimos, that jolliest and quaintest type of noble savage, new style. What one may find displeasing is the circus flavour. They are grand business; they are grotesque, incredible, yet almost human, always good for a laugh. And they can equally be used to mock our own world, with its restraints and dogmas, Christianity and wars. Which is also modish, and no less flattering to the enlightened reader.

This is unfair; it is the isolation and extreme expression of the trait I liked least. Hans Ruesch evidently knows his stuff—if not first-hand. He means well by the Eskimos, and probably believes that he takes them seriously. And then, above all, serious or not, he is fun all through: a showman, but a first-rate showman. If he went deeper, one may suspect his comedy of Arctic manners would be less entertaining.

Andrew Garve's first thriller was a good attempt, but this one, "**No Mask for Murder**" (Collins; 8s. 6d.), ought to have three stars. Unless you stickle for a "problem." There is none here; we know who does it, and we see him do it. And I rejoiced exceedingly; a plunge into the old track, of clues and suspects and the rest, would have been too bad. The interest here is in Fontego, with its leper island.

Fontego might be West Indian, but isn't quite. However, it is tropical, and black, and on the verge of self-government. It has a leprosarium on Tacri, and Dr. Martin West has come to take charge. He is appalled by the conditions, but amazed at the reconstruction scheme—so very generous, yet so wrong-headed. But his dynamic chief assures him they have no choice; there is a clash between health and politics.

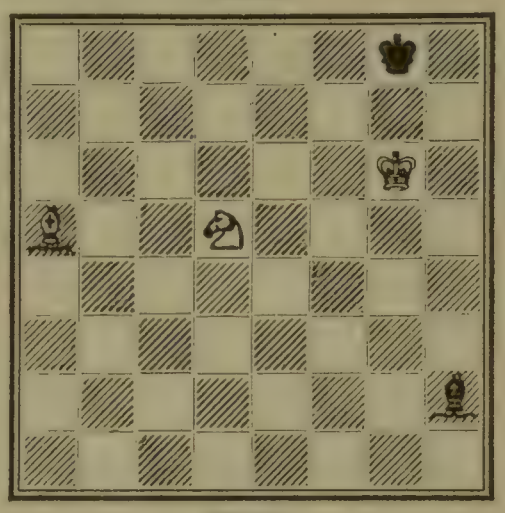
It all comes out of that. Yes, there are murders—and extremely good ones. Natural and good crime . . . but even better background and discussion. Not showmanship.—K. JOHN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

YOU will not appreciate the full beauty of this little study unless you try hard to solve it before consulting the solution which is given below. With bishop or knight alone, White could, of course, never give mate, so it would be fatal to his hopes of winning to allow either of these pieces to be exchanged.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

I pen these "Notes" in Stockholm, where, under the chairmanship of the president of the International Chess Federation, Mr. Folke Rogard, a committee of three (R. G. Wade, the New Zealand master; V. Ragozin, the Soviet master; and I) is nearing the end of a laborious task-production of revised "Laws of Chess." The interpreters kindly provided by the Russian Embassy work in alternate shifts; though expert in their work, they find it utterly exhausting, for the least inaccuracy can lead to confusion.

The U.S.S.R. has been a member of the International Chess Federation only since 1946, and has had a code of laws of its own which, though essentially the same as ours, was so different in style and approach that reconciling the two has been a troublesome job. However, we have managed it, and even found time to agree on several revolutionary changes—I dare not call them "improvements" until they are hailed as such!

If you accidentally move a bishop like a knight and the illegality is not noticed until later, you must replay the game, under present law, from the position in which the false move occurred. We change this. Henceforth, if the illegal move is not noticed at once, it must stand.

I shall return to this subject next week.

Solution to the end-game:

1. Kt–B6ch K–R1

If. 1. . . . K–B1, 2. B–Kt4 mate.

2. Kt–Kt4

Not 2. B–B3, B–K4!, and either one of White's pieces disappears or he has to play 3. B×B, allowing a draw by stalemate.

2. B–B5

After any other move, White would win by 3. B–B3ch, K–Kt1; 4. B–Kt2, threatening both 5. Kt–R6 mate and 5. Kt–B6 mate.

3. B–B3ch K–Kt1

.. 4. Kt–B6ch

Not 4. B–Kt7 now, for Black has the pretty resource 4. . . . B–Kt4!

Black can now resign, for after 4. . . . K–R1, 5. Kt–R5 discovers check, and wins his bishop, whilst 4. . . . K–B1 allows 5. B–Kt4ch and mate.

This pretty composition was shown me in Stockholm, and I do not know who is responsible. I should think it is pretty old. Who would think there could be such beauty and diversity in the play, with only five men on the board?

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM THE MIDDLE EAST TO THE FAR EAST.

IN 1943 I was one of a group of Britons in Cairo trying to explain to a fairly amiable Russian colonel the facts of sea-power. The Germans were still in occupation of Tunisia, and our colonel friend could not understand why we didn't carry out "an outflanking movement through Sicily to cut them off." We patiently pointed out to him the logistics of a seaborne invasion, but he couldn't understand. It was only later that we discovered that he thought the Mediterranean was still frozen at that early time of the year, and that our failure to get our tanks and sledded artillery on the ice was due to a fascist-monarchist hyæna-like refusal to take pressure off hard-pressed Russia. The colonel went on, I believe, to Malta, where he had a high old time, and it is possible that he obtained a better grasp of the facts before he returned to Russia. It is to be hoped from his point of view he did not—as he will almost certainly have been liquidated for preaching deviationist geography.

The point I want to make is this. Just as it is impossible to explain sea-power to a Russian, so it is impossible to explain, shall we say, the work of the British in the Sudan or India to a Swiss. It is because he is inherently incapable of appreciating—may we call it the British mission—in the Middle East that Mr. Jon Kimche spoils an otherwise excellent book. This is "**Seven Fallen Pillars**" (Secker and Warburg; 15s.)

This is an account of the Middle East from 1915 to 1950, and its underlying theme is the failure of British foreign policy in an area which is strategically and economically so vital to Britain. Mr. Kimche is a good and versatile journalist. Indeed he must have been, as he worked simultaneously for the *Observer*, the *Evening Standard*, and Mr. Aneurin Bevan's extreme left *Tribune*. As he himself says: "I found that for a journalist to work *at the same time* [the italics are his] for Beaverbrook, Aneurin Bevan and the Astors—produced an invaluable broadening of judgment and outlook" [*sic*]. He has travelled widely over the whole of the Near and Middle East. He has been well introduced and has the 'satiable curiosity of the Elephant Child. His book is informative, readable and disturbing. With his main thesis one must agree. Seldom has any great nation committed so many mistakes in an area where it initially enjoyed so much good will. The history of the last thirty-five years—whether it is in our dealings with the Jews or with the Arabs—is enough to make an earlier generation of orientalists, such as the late Lord Lloyd, turn in their graves. But—and it is a big but—this is not due, as Mr. Kimche appears to think, to an abiding and slightly sinister imperialism which failed, but to a lack of coherent and consistent Middle East policy at home. The Foreign Office, as the mainly responsible department—though not, be it noted, for the crucial country of Palestine—bears a heavy responsibility. But still more so do the various political chiefs, from Balfour to Bevin, who have intervened in this area. And more so still the rank-and-file politicians who bedevilled the whole thing with propaganda, including those who, like Mr. Kimche, were "all a little crazy that day" (election day 1945), "believing it to be the dawn of a new era." Mr. Kimche believes that a lot of trouble in the Middle East has been due to what he calls "the Club." Its members were "officials of the Foreign Office, the Middle East Embassies and Legations, and most of their staff, the Palestine Government, the oil companies, and especially ex-officers and ex-officials who had served in the Middle East from Lawrence onward; they, with a select list of travellers, explorers, writers and journalists, constituted 'the Club.'" Mr. Kimche finds it disturbing and incomprehensible (and here I return to my Russian colonel) that these acknowledged British experts should have the effrontery to adopt "the British view." While recommending this book, I leave it to the reader to consider whether the members of "the Club" may not possibly have been right, and Mr. Kimche may sometimes have been wrong.

"**Journey to Siwa,**" by Robin Maugham (Chapman and Hall; 21s.), is a delightful account of a visit—undertaken solely as the result of a sudden whim in foggy London—to the oasis which was, in ancient days, the seat of one of the great oracles—Jupiter Ammon. Mr. Maugham—accompanied by an inspired photographer, Mr. Dimitri Papadimou, made the journey across the desert recently. The happy combination of so skilled a writer and so fine a photographer has produced a first-class book on which both are to be congratulated. Both the ancient group of settlements in the oasis and the Siwans themselves are an odd lot, and Mr. Maugham has caught as many unusual "angles" with his pen as Mr. Papadimou with his camera.

It was fortunate that, after the initial mistakes (and the initial poor-quality personnel), the Western Powers have been so well served in Germany by men of the calibre of Sir Brian Robertson, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick and General Lucius D. Clay. General Clay's book, "**Decision in Germany**" (Heinemann; 21s.), is lengthy and well-documented. It is also highly important. For of all the potential "fronts" against Russia, Germany remains the most important. Any weakening there, as over the blockade of Berlin (and General Clay's chapters on the air-lift are among his most fascinating), could precipitate catastrophe. General Clay will have done one more valuable service to the Western Powers if his book brings home the realities and the ever-present dangers of the German situation.

"**Printer's Pie**" (Thompson; 3s. 6d.) was founded in 1903 with the worthy object of raising funds for the Printers' Pensions Corporation. This year sees its first post-war reappearance, with a message from H.M. the King, an impressive list of writers and artists, and the theme of Britain itself in her every aspect. A delectable confection.

And now for some sackcloth and ashes. Recently I suggested that only once in the history of the civilised world had there been an era of lasting peace—from Augustus to the age of the Antonines. This brings me a letter from Professor L. Carrington Goodrich, of the Department of Chinese in Columbia University, who points out that in Chinese history there were the periods 108 B.C. to A.D. 9, or A.D. 624 to A.D. 751 when Pax Sinica was maintained over a large part of Asia. I acknowledge myself a barbarian of a foreign devil for having thought purely in terms of Western civilisation. E. D. O'BRIEN.

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So we can look forward to several kinds of really fine wines from South Africa?

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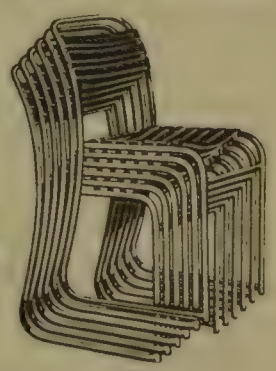
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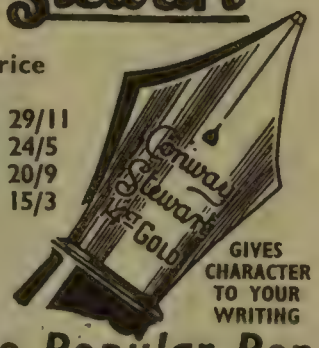
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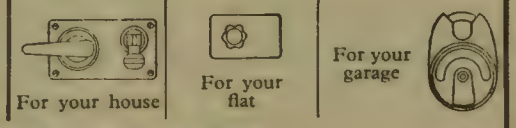
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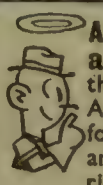
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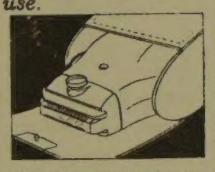
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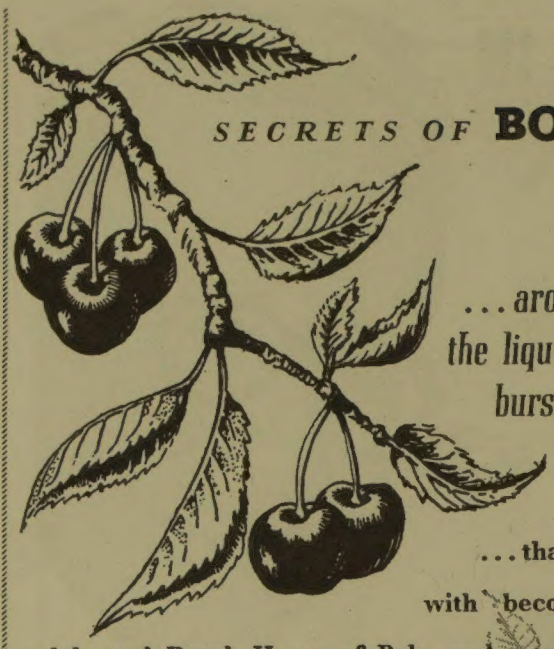


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Cherry **BOLS**

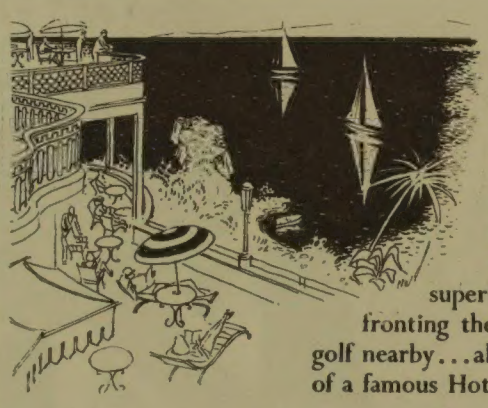
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